Wednesday, July 1, 1931. Farm.

With reports of deaths from the intense heat headlining all the papers, we consider ourselves most fortunate in being at the Inn where it is very seldom that one feels uncomfortable. Let old Sol beat down mercilessly as he often does, the interior of the building is generally cool and inviting, and the expressions of delight and appreciation which we hear fill us with happiness and pride.

One item which has been related to us by practically all the boys - the younger ones, at least - of the School, is the fact that the Market now offers ice cream for sale! We must confess that we feel the same thrill now at the mention of that cooling dessert that we did years ago when, as youngsters, we begged a nickel "to buy an ice-cream cohen."

Mrs. Bennett, who comes to us from the schools of Dedham, (Mass.) with twenty-five years experience in teaching, started at the Inn to-day as hostess and teacher. She is in charge of the boys who are at the Southwest School. It is make-up work during the summer, and they must be ready for regular assignments when the fall term opens in

July 1 - continued.

September. From reports we have heard from the boys, we judge that the "new teacher" has made a good start. And so we welcome her and wish her success and happiness during her stay at the Bayside Inn.

JUNE IN THE GARDEN.

Thursday, July 2, 1931. Harm.

When we heard the "dang-dang" of the Hayside Inn fire engine we knew that the Ford children had arrived for their annual fleeting visit to the Inn on their way to Maine. Laughing and happy as always, they quickly "made the rounds" and seemed to assure themselves that all was as it should be at their famous grandsire's hostelry.

Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Coolidge again came to see us, and once again we had the privilege of playing host to the former President and "First Lady" of the United States. The meeting between Mrs. Coolidge and Master Billy Ford was both interesting and amusing. Upon Mrs. Coolidge's informing Billy that she was happy to meet him, Billy agreed that he felt the same toward her, and quickly answered her question as to the destination of the Ford party by saying, "Maine" in no indefinite tone of voice. "And you will be glad when you reach Maine?" asked the lady. A most boy-like, natural grin spread over the face of Billy and an impish, irresistable laugh came from him as he half turned away

July 2 - continued.

and deftly balanced on one foot, the while he looked up at Mrs. Coolidge out of merry, dancing eyes. It was quite evident that Billy Boyd wanted be perfectly willing to reach the "rock-bound coast of Maine." And so we leave them, calling gay good-byes as they depart, all youthful joy and enthusiasm for the wonderful adventure of another summer.

Friday, July 3, 1931. Perfect.

When the Inn receives a visit from Miss Anna Welch it feels honored, for it shows that this charming woman still feels an interest in the old tavern which meant so much to her sister, and over which she presided so graciously, making of it a real home, as well as a comfortable, roomy tavern.

Instead of being lessened as time goes on, our sense of loss deepens, and each visit of Miss Anna causes us to wish anew that our own Miss Mabel Welch could be with us again.

As we write, there is a round, red robin busily engaged in inspecting the nest in the lilac bush outside the bar-room window. We are reminded of the family of robins we had in the bush last year and hope that Mrs. Robin may decide to "take the house."

Saturday, July 4, 1931. Cloudy.

The "Glorious Fourth" dawned cloudy and cool and offered sufficient excuse for lighting fires in the bar-room and the kitchen. As the day wore on, however, it grew warmer and the constant stream of people passing in and out made fires seem a bit unnecessary, tho the atmosphere they created was pleasant.

Our friends, the tourists who come on the Gray or Blue Line bus trips, seem hungry these days. On each of the last few trips, we have noticed that all but one or two of the visitors have ordered luncheons or dinners — a most gratifying fact to us who are keenly interested in the financial as well as the social aspect of the Inn.

Four hostesses were kept busy taking groups thru the buildings, and the little sandwich glass candy dish had to be replenished time and time again, so popular are the little candy hearts with their quaint sentiments.

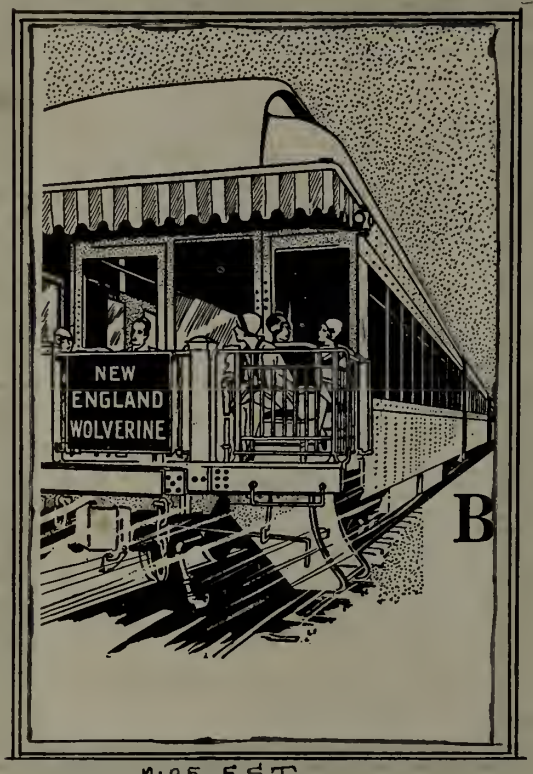
Anne Dickerson.

7/4/31.

Wayside Inn Journal.

Sunday, July 5, 1931. Perfect.

Leave-takings are not easy, either for those who are leaving or for those who are left. To those of us who gathered at the station in Worcester to-day to speed the graduating class on its way to Detroit, it was not exactly a merry time, altho we were glad to be there and glad to have the boys go.



4:25 E.S.T.
WORCESTER.

Seven alert, keen young men, eager for the big adventure of Detroit, and filled with life and enthusiasm, went about among their friends at the station — pumping hands up and down and calling gay good-byes until the train slowly rolled from view and the Class of 1931 was on its way to start life anew in another city and among new friends and acquaintances.

We predict a change in these lads, naturally; the fellow who struggled

July 5 - continued.

with the porter as the latter sought to take his baggage and, no doubt, come back on a visit to us - a seasoned "globe-trotter" and "man about town."

Truly is this a time of commencement for these boys: - on the threshold of life, with youth, health, and ambition, and in back of them, as a spur to greater achievement and advancement, the interest of one of the world's largest enterprises; - small wonder that they were anxious to be "up and away."

"

Monday, July 6, 1931. Very rainy.

The cry about the Inn these days seems to be: "In to the Farm!" for every available man and boy is doing his share of the work, whether it be getting in the hay, weeding gardens, or any one of the multitude of duties necessary for the successful upkeep of a large farm. Fifty per cent of the men are on the farm, while ordinarily there would be but twenty per cent in other years at this time.

Many crops are being raised this year for the first time, and land previously used for hay is being cultivated. An instance of this is at the "Parmenter Sisters Place," where potatoes and soy beans are being raised. Soy beans are used in making meal for cow feed and also as a "cover crop."

Crops are being raised to be ground at the Grist Mill. Among these are: oats, wheat, buckwheat, corn, red wheat, white corn (for Rhode Island white corn-meal). This is the first year that corn for grinding at the mill has been raised, and the first year red wheat and white corn have been grown.

There, too, we have oats, rye, ensilage corn for green feed, yellow corn, pumpkins,

July 6- continued.

squash, millet, timothy- as well as the regular crops usually raised.

One is transported in fancy back to an age when life was less complex, seemingly, than it is to-day; when the home was the center of all things, and when simple, pastoral joys and pleasures constituted the recreational life of the household. With the growth of our cities, country-life underwent a change, and such were conditions that farming went from one of the leading occupations to one of the least often followed.

All of the foregoing is now a matter of history, as every school-boy knows; but what every school-boy does not know, and what makes us at the Inn very proud, is the fact that the Wayside Inn project is reviving the old customs and ideals and showing the people of America that the home is the backbone of the Nation. And so we fare forth on the morrow to hear the "wheels" of the farm revolve; to learn, if we can, the secret of true happiness and contentment which - we are told - comes to the "man of the soil".

"

Tuesday, July 7, 1931. Rainy.

DEVON LONG HORNS
JUNE 27, 1930.

THE DAIRY-LIVE-STOCK.

The old Ezekiel Howe place, built about 1700, is the latest of the Hayside Inn acquisitions, bought in September, 1930. It is here that the Inn dairy is located.

Twenty cows, eight heifers, two steers, - one born on April 18th and the other on May 16, - five calves, and two bulls are housed on this place.

The cattle are the famous Devon variety, imported from England thru Mr. Goldsmith, manager of the London plant. Our last importation was on June 26, 1930, when we bought five - a bull and four cows. These are "long-horns" and are used for a dual purpose; i.e. for milk and for beef. All heifers are raised to provide milk and cream for

July 7- continued.

use at the Inn., and the plan is to have the peak of the milking season come when the demand for cream at the Inn is greatest; that is, during the summer months. At the present time there are twelve cows which are milking.

When we consider that the average milk production of Devons is 6500 pounds yearly, we realize the superiority of these animals over other varieties.

At the Eastern States Exposition, the largest cattle show in the east, held each year in Springfield, (Mass.), we have exhibited some of our stock and have had both a Grand Champion Cow and a Grand Champion Bull. The cow, Rosecroft Phyllis, is still here on the Inn property.

Our cows are healthy,

SWISS OXEN- FEB. 20, 1931.

July 7- continued.

sturdy animals, and are kept out of doors as much as possible, being turned out in the early morning and left until night. To see them grazing on the hillside is like looking at a beautiful picture: the sleek, red-brown bodies and graceful, long horns silhouetted against the sunset sky, and over it all the calm and quiet of Kobscot as it broods above them, seeming-ly on guard.

A word must be said about our sheep, bought in October and December of 1929, and of the "cheviot" variety. Originally this breed came from the Highlands of Scotland and is able to thrive on little, existing where other sheep would starve.

CHEVIOTS - 3-26-30.

July 7 - continued.

In this group we have fifty-five ewes, nineteen lambs and one ram, and they placidly go their ways, blah-ing and bleating throughout their day, and growing fatter, it seems, every hour!

Our "Swiss" oxen, came to us in the autumn of 1930, and replace the yoke of Devons we had previous to that time. The pair weigh about 3500 pounds and are the subject of much comment on the part of guests.

May 9, 1929.

In addition to the animals already listed, we have six horses, one pony, - one boar, seven sows, five shoats, and nineteen pigs. The latter, of course, are kept for garbage disposal and are sold.

July 7, 1931. # Our Devons. (Dairy and Live-Stock).

JUNE 27, 1924

6-27-30.

6-27-30.

Wednesday, July 8, 1931. Dull-with some rain.

POULTRY FARM.

We were greeted at the poultry farm this morning with the news that the barred-rock-red-leghorn breed of poultry is now being killed, inasmuch as, at nine or ten weeks, these interesting youngsters are just the right size for the table. Solid, chunky birds they are, and well-developed.

The six weeks old turkeys-the gobblers-weigh about three pounds apiece, and the hens about two pounds; by Thanksgiving they will be in perfect condition for the festive board.

Our "May first" ducks, of which we have written several times lately, now weigh about six pounds apiece, and furnish the Boys School with Sunday dinners. Spotlessly white, they waddle about, "with a 'quack-quack' here and a 'quack-quack' there", to quote the old song, and are really a joy to the lover of fine poultry.

Worthy of note, we think, is the fact that the man in charge states that no ducks or turkeys have been lost this season. In view of the old assertion that it is "well-nigh impossible to raise turkeys," this is a most encouraging feature of the work being done here at the Inn.

Next year our ducks will

July 8 – continued.

have the benefit of the brook which runs thru the poultry yard, for the land will be cleared and fenced in, making what someone called an "ideal duck-ery". A new range for the chickens will be planted in clover and oats, on land that this season has buckwheat and vetch on it.

At the Addison Parmenter Barn, newly whitewashed and ready for Fall, are kept the dry stock and the young stock. Clean, sweet-smelling hay fills the mows overhead, and the whole place bespeaks system and orderliness.

As of June, 1931, we had:

55 WHITE LEGHORN HENS
28 BARRED ROCKS
2 BROWN LEGHORN COCKERELS
550 CHICKENS
117 TURKEYS ("MAMMOTH BRONZE").
159 DUCKS ("WHITE PECANS").

Thursday, July 9, 1931. Cloudy; some rain.

ORCHARDS

MAY 17, 1930.

APPLE.

Driving over tortuous, narrow roads, dodging a rabbit or two as they scampered across the path, we came in sight of the Inn orchards, high on the side of Mt. Nobscot. Because of the elevation, the trees escape the frosts which, early in the fall, strike the lower levels.

Russets, Mcintoshes, Wealthies, Gravensteins, and "Winter Bananas" all showed indications of a good fruit year, if one can judge by the tiny green apples with which the trees were covered.

July 9 - continued.

APRIL, 1930.

One thousand russets, spies, Baldwins, and McIntoshes were set out four years ago, and a thousand more two years ago; and it is interesting to note the growth made in this length of time by the two plantings. "Star Kings" are used as pollinators with the Baldwins and Spies.

The "dusting" system is used for several reasons: it is a distinct advantage because of the hilly nature of the orchards which makes it difficult for the heavy spraying machines to approach the trees; it is lighter, quicker, and easier to apply than spraying.

An interesting fact is that one thousand trees cover an

July 9- continued.

MARCH, 1930.

area of twenty-five acres.

After the apples have been left out one night, they are run down to the cooling plant before they have a chance to become heated during the day.

-PEACH-

In the peach orchards are Albertas, Champions, and Carmans - named to conjure with and to cause one's mouth to water in anticipation of good things to come. Here the mulch system is used.

At the foot of the slope on which the peach trees are growing is a shed, used during harvest time for packing, and during the growing sea-

July 9- continued.

son for storage of sprayers, harrowers, etc.

QUINCE

On what is known as the "Pearmain Place" are the quince orchards. Quince and peachtrees are planted in alternation, and these orchards are years old.

Again we have a storage place for fruit-boxes and for fertilizer: this time the shed is known as the "squash house".

Winter or summer, covered with snowy blossoms or burdened with a wealth of gleaming fruit, our orchards are a source of beauty and a joy to behold.

Friday, July 10, 1931. — Showers.

Fruit Cellar

The fruit cellar, or cooling plant as it is sometimes called, measures 115 feet by 125 feet, and was built in the summer and fall of 1928. It is near the Grist Mill and is built on land that formerly was a water-hole.

As the name implies, it is a storage place for fruit, principally apples, which are kept here as late as May, tho some potatoes are also stored here.

The walls are of stone, the roof of concrete, and there is an earth and sod insulation two and one half feet thick. Crushed stone and a six inch slope to the floor from one end to the other make it possible for the moisture to run off easily.

A temperature of about 34° F. is maintained fairly constant during the winter — the best temperature for keeping apples. This is reached by opening the ventilators when it is cold out-of-doors and closing them when the outside temperature rises; i. e., generally speaking, the ventilators are opened during the night and closed during the day. Ventilation is by means of hollow columns

July 10 - continued.

extending to the roof and covered with wire net to prevent animals falling thru. These columns are about three feet in diameter; of this, about seven inches are solid, serving as support for the structure.

Some of the ideas and information for building the plant were obtained from the Massachusetts State College, but the column plan of ventilation, we think, is a new one, and was conceived by men here at the Inn. Incidentally, work on the plant was all done by Inn employees.

Outlets are provided by windows on top of the wall. An elevator shaft has been left for a canning department, should one be installed in the future.

Another interesting feature is the boxes used for packing the apples: they are not the ordinary type, but are constructed with slat-like sides which allow of a free circulation of air to each layer of fruit, whereby deterioration is materially delayed.

Saturday, July 11, 1931. Showers; hot.

MARKET GARDEN

Interviewing the man in charge of the market gardens was like digesting a whole catalogue of information on growing things. To begin with, we learned that this has been a "good year" thus far for crops — nothing having been lost by frost.

Four boys from the Boys School were hard at work, helping wherever they were needed and looking every inch the farmers that they are this summer.

Now, the following table reads like a story, the more fascinating because we have watched the various crops grow from seedings to the stage when they are ready for the table.

CROP	PLANTED
BEETS	APRIL 1
NEW ZEALAND SPINACH	" " 1
SWISS CHARD	" " 1
RADISHES	" " 1
CARROTS	" " 5
ONIONS (sets)	" " 5
CABBAGE	" " 10
RED CABBAGE	" " 10
PARSLEY	" " 10
PARSNIPS	" " 15
CELERY	" " 25

July 11- continued.

Crop	Planted
Brussels Sprouts	April 20
Cauliflower (early & late)	" " 20
Tomatoes	Last of
Dwarf Stone	April.
Bonnie Best	
Matchless	
Peppers	May 1
Leeks (1st yr. planted)	" 1
Beans (every 10 days)	" 1
Summer Squash	" 1
Cucumbers	" 1
Savoy Cabbage	" 1
Egg Plant	" 5
Rhubarb (cut)	" 10
Onions (seeds)	" 10
Broccoli	" 10
Asparagus (cut)	" 15
Squash	" 15
Pumpkins	" 15
Lima (shell) Beans	" 17
Peas (every 10 days)	March 20
Lettuce ("Big Boston" "Iceberg")	April 1

About five acres are under cultivation in the portion of the farm known as the "Market Garden."

Anne Dickerson.
7/11/31.

Wayside Inn Journal

Monday, July 13, 1931. Warm.

Our "week on the Farm", as one of the hostesses facetiously called our tour for information on things pertaining to that branch of the Inn work, perhaps made it seem as tho we were neglecting to mention happenings at the Inn proper in our eagerness to obtain material on the farm. Nothing, however, could be farther from our thoughts, and we hasten to correct any such impression.

Last week was eventful, in a measure, because it was uneventful! Rain in showers, rain in steady downpours, in fits and in starts, and in an unceasing, relentless fury descended upon us the whole week. That, in itself, was an event. Guests, fearful of either their complexions or of their finery, came out in rather small numbers, which, too, one must admit, was somewhat in the nature of an event. And so we repeat—the past week was eventful in that it was uneventful.

Frequently an establishment has in its employ

July 13 - continued.

one who serves it long and faithfully, and who then, because better opportunities appear, leaves that particular place and secures employment elsewhere. On Saturday last, Miss Priscilla Staples, who had been at the Wayside Inn longer than any other hostess, came back to us for a fleeting visit. She looked exceedingly well, and gave glowing accounts of her work at the Red Cross Museum in Washington, D. C. We hope that we may continue to hear good reports and that this former hostess of ours will continue to feel, as she does now, a close bond between herself and the "old Inn at Sudbury."

Eleven Mendon Boy Scouts came to us on Saturday, and a group of summer-school students from Columbia also visited the Inn.

Tuesday, July 14, 1931. Farm.

When we heard the "snip-snip" of shears in the parlor this morning we went in and investigated and found that our sofa was being fitted to a new slip-cover. Much we prize the very lovely upholstery of our Sheraton sofa, and seek to preserve it by protecting it with covers like the one just mentioned.

JULY, 1931.
MISS MURIEL DE MILLE.

Miss de Mille, pictured above, is the hostess who has been at the Inn longer than any other. Coming in the autumn of 1927, she has efficiently and conscientiously filled her position, and has cheerfully

July 14- continued.

and smilingly done whatever has been asked of her.

It was Miss de Mille who started training the boys to play the violin; and to her belongs the credit of having guided their musically tottering steps over the difficult road which falls to the lot of the beginner on any instrument, particularly a stringed one.

Artistically inclined, it was discovered that this hostess could- and did- "touch up" the wall-paper in the lower hall, restoring it to its former brightness and beauty, and giving it new life and freshness.

Working with Miss Welch as Miss de Mille did, it is not to be wondered at that she caught the older woman's spirit and way of doing things, and that, as a result, her hostess work is better and her manner of greeting guests just a bit more charming than that of any of the other less experienced hostesses.

What higher praise can one offer than that people so often say, "Oh, I want the tall young lady with the dark hair to show me around- she does it so beautifully."

Wednesday, July 15, 1931. Very warm.

July 4, 1931.
MRS. LOUISE M. POOLE.

Today we have pictured Mrs. Louise M. Poole, a graduate of Tufts College in 1928, who came to the Inn in August, 1930.

Mrs. Poole was in charge at the Southwest School during the season recently ended, and also had a class of boys — older ones — from the Boys School for instruction in chemistry. Three times a week during the school term these boys met in the chemical laboratory in the Gate House, and test-tubes and formulas became something more than mere names to them.

Like the others who have taught at the Inn, Mrs.

July 15- continued.

Poole has likewise done work in the hostess department; while at present, the intricacies of the culinary and serving divisions of the work at the Inn are enticing her; and we find her, trim and neat, in the "Puritan-gray" uniform so becomingly worn by the girls who serve the guests.

Thursday, July 16, 1931. Very warm.

The program on the preceding page seems - and is - self-explanatory. Each year the "County of Middlesex descends upon the Wayside Inn," as someone expressed it, and from ten o'clock until late afternoon the grounds of the Inn are dotted with these annual visitors of ours, who seem to enjoy coming season after season.

Before ten this morning, the hostess at the door was greeted by a trio of young "Middlesex-ers" - the eldest, a girl of about ten, and the others a boy and girl of about six and eight.

"Please, missis," piped up the older girl, clutching in her hand what evidently was the day's 'spending money', "kin we leave our lunch some place?" From the death grip with which the boy held said lunch, we should hate to have tried to take it from him! Until noon, these stodgy youngsters trudged about, lugging the lunch first in one arm and then the other, and valiantly following at least three hostesses about at different times as they told the

July 16 - continued.

story of the Inn.

It seems that their "ladder" had brought them in his truck, and was going to call for them at night. Poor little feet - tramping up and downstairs all day long; over stones and thru grass and along dusty roads; well did they deserve the ride home in the comfort of the "Model T" which at length picked them up.

At nine o'clock tonight a total of one thousand, nine hundred and thirty people had visited the Inn during the day.

July 16. 1931.

The Wayside Inn

Welcomes

THE TENTH

Annual County Picnic

of the

Middlesex County Extension Service

Thursday, July 16, 1931

at the

Wayside Inn

South Sudbury, Mass.

Program

10:00 a. m.—Tour of Points of Interest.
Wayside Inn, Mary Lamb School, Grist Mill,
General Store, Wayside Inn Boys School, Fruit Cellar

10:30 a. m.—Horseshoe Tournament—4-H Club Games.
Games for Ladies (croquet — quoits).

11:00 a. m.—Band Concert by the
Boys Band of the Middlesex County Training School.

12:00 noon—Picnic Lunch.
(picnic lunch supplies and refreshments available at General Store)

1:00 p. m.—Band Concert.

1:30 p. m.—Speaking Program.
Mr. N. I. Bowditch—Chairman—Pres. County Extension Service.
Mr. E. N. Hatch—Wayside Inn Boys School.
Dr. A. W. Gilbert—Department of Agriculture.
Mr. W. A. Munson—Massachusetts State College.
Hon. Victor F. Jewett—State Representative.
Mr. W. C. Wardwell—Chairman, County Commissioners.

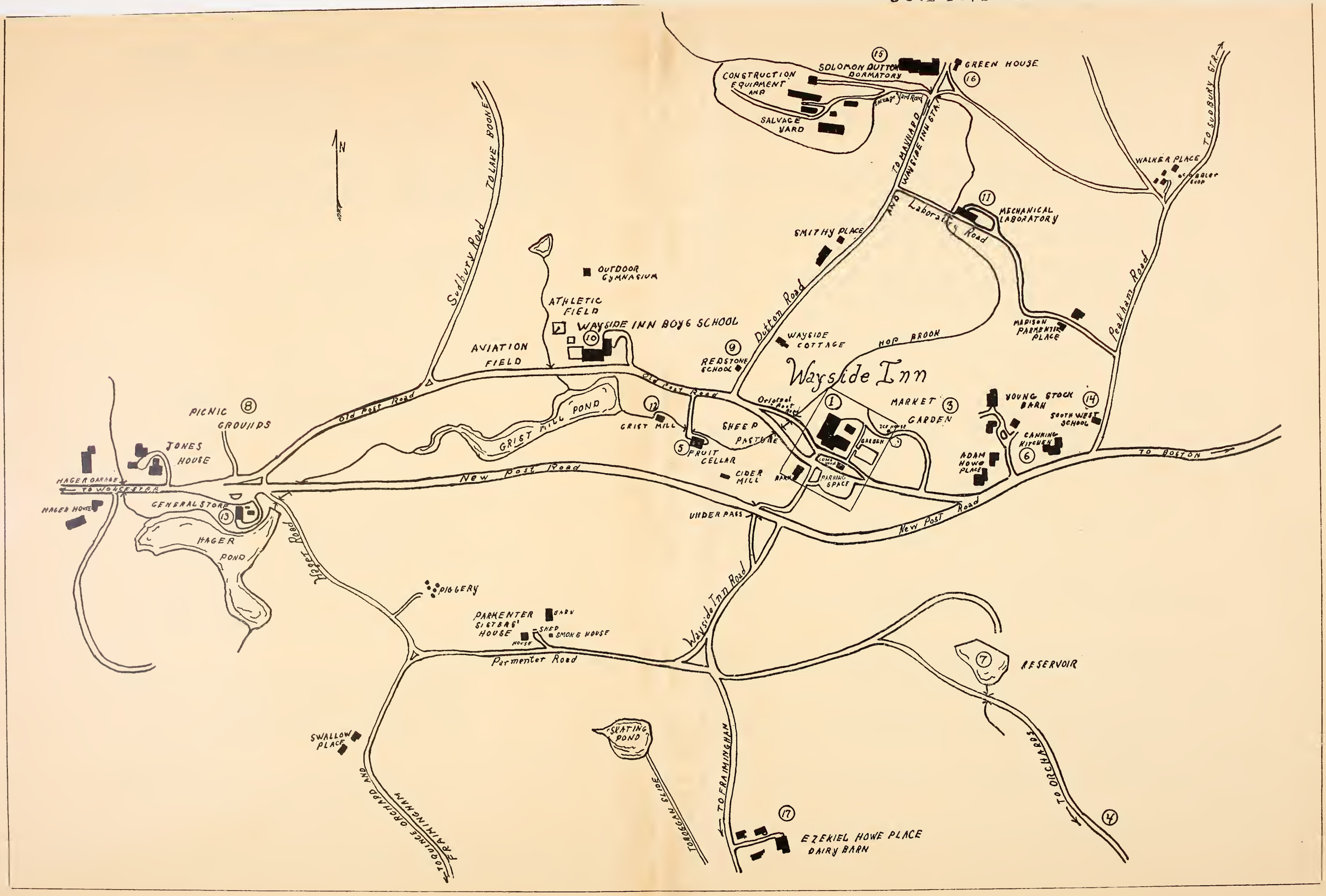
2:15 p. m.—Ball Game.
Middlesex County Extension Service vs. Wayside Inn Boys School.

Guests of the Middlesex County Extension Service are welcome to visit any part of the Wayside Inn estate any time during the day.

GENERAL INFORMATION

Autos can be parked at an angle anywhere on the old road from the General Store to the Wayside Inn Boys School. Cars may be used to drive to the various points of interest. Headquarters will be in the Grove opposite the General Store at the junction of the new and old Post roads. Everyone must register and get a tag for free entrance to all points of interest. Boys from the Wayside Inn Boys School will supply information and direction to all points of interest.

July 16, 1931.



N
SOLOMON DUTTON DORMATORY
GREEN HOUSE
CONSTRUCTION EQUIPMENT AND SALVAGE YARD
Salvage Yard Road
TO MAYNARD AND WAYSIDE INN STA.
TO SUDBURY STA.
WALKER PLACE
MECHANICAL LABORATORY
Laboratory Road
SMITHY PLACE
Dutton Road
Peakham Road
MADISON PARMENTER PLACE
OUTDOOR GYMNASIUM
ATHLETIC FIELD
WAYSIDE INN BOYS SCHOOL
AVIATION FIELD
Sudbury Road
TO LAKE BOONE
WAYSIDE COTTAGE
HOP BROOK
REDSTONE SCHOOL
Wayside Inn
Old Post Road
Original Post Road
MARKET GARDEN
YOUNG STOCK BARN
SOUTH WEST SCHOOL
CANNING KITCHEN
ADAM HOWE PLACE
TO BOSTON
PICNIC GROUNDS
JONES HOUSE
GRIST MILL POND
GRIST MILL
SHEEP PASTURE
FRUIT CELLAR
CIDER MILL
BARN
PARKING SPACE
GARDEN
ICE HOUSE
New Post Road
HAGER GARAGE
TO WORCESTER
HAGER HOUSE
GENERAL STORE
HAGER POND
Hager Road
UNDER PASS
PIGGERY
PARMENTER SISTERS' HOUSE
BARN
SHED
SMOKE HOUSE
HOUSE
Parmenter Road
Wayside Inn Road
RESERVOIR
SWALLOW PLACE
SKATING POND
TO FRAIMINGHAM
TO ORCHARDS
TO QUINCE ORCHARD AND FRAIMINGHAM
TOBOGGAN SLIDE
EZEKIEL HOWE PLACE DAIRY BARN

POINTS OF INTEREST

1. The INN.

Built in 1686, and was for 174 years operated by 4 generations of the Howe family. It has been run continuously as an Inn for all but about 30 years after the Civil War. Bought by Mr. Ford in 1923, and operated as an Inn at the present time. Lafayette and Washington stopped here, the former passing a night in the room on the second floor which has the original, hand-blocked wall-paper still on the walls.

In the parlor, with its Longfellow traditions, the clock built in 1710, Daniel Webster desk, portrait of Princess Mary, How coat-of-arms, and various other historic pieces.

2. The FARM.

On the farm may be seen cattle, sheep, pigs, turkeys, and ducks. Oxen do a great deal of the work; plowing, harrowing, and hauling of stone when necessary. Approximately 3000 acres make up the part of the Inn property known as the "farm."

3. The MARKET GARDEN.

This garden furnishes the vegetables for the Inn table. Beets, spinach, parsley, onions, carrots, lettuce, asparagus, and other good things are to be seen growing in neat, long rows or in beds. This garden is just beyond the old-fashioned, wall-enclosed flower garden.

4. The ORCHARDS.

On the side of Mt. Nobscot are the orchards—apple and peach. A wealth of blossoms in the spring bears witness to the fact that the trees bear well and so carry out the idea of usefulness which is a feature of everything connected with the Inn.

5. FRUIT CELLAR.

In the fruit cellar, near the grist mill, are stored the apples which guests at the Inn enjoy during the winter months, as well as those from which delicious golden cider is made. Quince are likewise stored here.

6. CANNING KITCHEN.

One of the most attractive buildings on the Inn property is known as the "Canning Kitchen". It is here that many jars of jelly and fruit are preserved each year.

7. RESERVOIR.

Located on the "mountain" and designed to be used as a water supply for the Inn and surrounding buildings. The dam is constructed of concrete with a stone facing on both sides.

8. PICNIC GROUNDS.

There are many delightful spots available for picnics. Opposite the General Store is an exceptionally fine pine grove, with an excellent ball-ground nearby.

9. MARY LAMB SCHOOL.

The little red schoolhouse where Mary Sawyer and her lamb went; moved from its original site on Redstone Hill in Sterling, Mass., and re-opened as a school by Mr. Ford in January, 1927. Successively used as school, barn, and garage, it now has 16 pupils of the first to fourth grade who attend daily. Built in 1798.

10. WAYSIDE INN BOYS SCHOOL.

This building was originally the old Calvin Howe House and is now used as a school building and dormitory for 30 boys. The academic work of the School is carried on in this building. Boys range in age from 12 to 18 years. This School was organized in 1928 for the purpose of providing practical vocational and academic training.

11. LABORATORY.

Boys from the three schools of the Inn receive their instruction in manual training here. The boys of the Boys School are taught wood-working, auto-repairing, electrical work, plumbing and sheet metal—all under the supervision of master mechanics and workmen.

12. GRIST MILL.

Diagonally opposite the Calvin Howe Dormitory, the mill is one of the most picturesque spots on the Inn property. Here under the skilful management of the miller, the grain is ground which is later sold at the General Store in the form of meal and flour, or used at the Inn for baking. The overshot wheel is turned by water power from Hop Brook.

13. GENERAL STORE.

The century-old country store, moved from Sudbury and reopened as a store in June, 1930. Run under approval of the National Farm and Garden Association. It offers for sale all the articles to be found in a typical country store of years ago, as well as modern, up-to-date supplies. On the second floor is a most attractive handcraft shop, where one may purchase postcards of the Inn and of various points of interest on the Inn property.

14. SOUTHWEST SCHOOL.

Built on the site of the original "Southwest School" of years ago, and housing 21 pupils of the 5th, 6th, 7th, and 8th grades. The pupils are taught according to the latest methods, but have the advantage of historic associations and the individual attention made possible by small classes. There are two teachers in attendance. The school was opened in September, 1930.

15. The SOLOMON DUTTON DORMITORY.

Dormitory capable of caring for 35 boys; opened in September, 1930. A new wing recently completed, has 9 large, airy rooms, holding 3 beds each, with a spacious, modern dining room on the ground floor. On Dutton Road, a mile from the Mary Lamb School.

16. The GREENHOUSE.

Opposite the Solomon Dutton Dormitory. Flowers in profusion, potted plants, and ferns abound. The winter's supply of cut flowers for the decoration of the Inn comes from here; while outside are planted gladioli, jonquils, etc., all cared for by the man in charge of the greenhouse, with the assistance of boys from the Wayside Inn Boys School.

17. DAIRY BARN.

It is here that the herd of Devon Cattle is kept which supplies the Inn with fresh milk. An addition to this herd has recently been made of four cows and a bull imported from England.

July 16, 1931.

Friday, July 17, 1931. — Coal.

MISS EDITH M. NOWELL.
July 1931.

A hostess who is daily becoming more liked by those who work with her is Miss Edith M. Nowell, who came to us in June of this year. A resident hostess, she is "on call" whenever she is needed, and seems always ready and willing to assist in any and every way possible whenever she is asked to do so. She has a genuine love and affection for the old tavern, and seems proud — as indeed who would not? — to call the Hayride Inn her home.

After the "tumult and shoutin'", as it were, of yesterday, To-day seemed particu-

July 17- continued.

early quiet and peaceful at the Inn. While yesterday's "cash" was literally hard to carry- (weighing, as it did, several pounds) - to-day's will be much lighter and the work of the book-keeper, therefore, made easier.

But we like our busy days. Nine hundred and six persons heard the story of Mary and her lamb yesterday, between the hours of one and five, and, had the hostess stayed longer, many more would doubtless have been added to that number.

Saturday, July 18, 1931. Evol.

ARCHBISHOP OF ARMENIAN ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCHES VISITS MAYOR

MAYOR CURLEY PRESENTING CANE TO RT REV LEON TOURIAN, ARCHBISHOP OF THE ARMENIAN ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCHES IN THE UNITED STATES.

Mayor Curley received yesterday a visit from the Archbishop of the Armenian Roman Catholic Churches in the United States, Rt Rev Leon Tourian. Transferred from Manchester, Eng, the distinguished prelate will have his headquarters in New York city.

The Archbishop and his party were taken on a trip to Lexington, Concord and Sudbury by Philip O'Connell after the conclusion of their visit to the Mayor.

Among those who accompanied Archbishop Tourian to City Hall were Capt G. Harry Adalian, U. S. A.; V. C. Vahan, Armenian reporter; Sarkis Garakian, John Habeshian and M. Koiligian.

"Boston Globe"- July 18, 1931.

Yesterday the Wayside Inn was host to the Archbishop of the Armenian Roman Catholic Churches in the United States. An imposing looking man, he had on a tall sick hat, and his general bearing was that of a man of importance. With him were seven other men, with the secretary of Mayor Curley, of Boston, as sort of general host, for it was he who made arrangements at the bar for

July 18- continued.

the party to eat.

Our foreign guests expressed delight and appreciation of our Inn, and departed after they had been given the usual cordial invitation to return again some time.

Anne Dickerson.
" 7/18/31.

Wayside Inn Journal.

Monday, July 20, 1931. Farm.

July 2, 1931.

A fortnight or so ago we wrote of the visit of the grandchildren of our Inn-keeper — the "third generation of Ford," as it were. These youngsters are healthy, happy young Americans, ready for a romp at a moment's notice.

We were amused at

July 2, 1931.

July 20- continued.

July 2, 1931.

an incident which took place during the brief stay of the children at the Inn. One of the hostesses was busily engaged in making out meal slips, later to be taken to the kitchen, when one of the older boys approached her and said, in a serious tone and with a most business-like inflection: "Tell me, now; is this dining room here in the Inn a paying proposition?"

He shall watch with interest the progress of this young man in the world of business; unless we are much mistaken, he will go far and his career will be far from dull!

Tuesday, July 21, 1931. Very warm.

Of course, it would be a sweltering day in midsummer when a well-intentioned old lady would approach us with a great air of secrecy; and, having caused our hopes to soar (for we are ever on the alert for news) proceed to pour forth her choice bit of information.

It seems that there was in the habit, forty years ago, of coming to the Inn to dance and eat during those delightful winters, the like of which the present generation has never known. In a sleigh "the roomy comfortable kind, you know, my dear," she and her friends

July 21- continued.

would descend upon the old house, and amid much noise and laughter, proceed to enjoy themselves to the utmost.

As news, the foregoing is not rated highly, for we have many people tell us the same thing in the course of a season; but coming as it did on one of our hottest days, we could not refrain from inserting it as a cooling and refreshing reminder of days that were. The picture, too, may be of help along that same line!

As they do each year, the boys from Camp Hampus, West Sutton, Mass., came to see us. Five of them there were, and their leader accompanied them.

"And thus endeth another day".

Wednesday, July 22, 1931. Very warm.

"Please, lady, can you tell us where Mr. Ford's house is?" Used as we are to unusual questions, we had never been asked that one before, and we began to wonder if we were really awake, inasmuch as it was not yet eight o'clock in the morning when the query was made. Two old gentlemen, in a worn and dilapidated Chevrolet, bearing Rhode Island number plates, put the question; and upon being assured that this was indeed "Mr. Ford's house," and that the grounds were really and truly open to the public (even at 7:45 A. M.!—) eagerly produced twenty-five cents apiece and were the first to sign the day's register.

"Henry Ford's a great man," said one, "but he surely made a lot of mistakes before he made this new little car. Do you drive a Ford, lady?" "Oh, you do? Well, they're fine; not a bit like my old one—why, it wouldn't never go when you expected it to, and I used to say awful things to it. Yes, lady, I did."

Never have we enjoyed two characters more than we

July 22- continued.

did these sixty-year-old "boys." Keen observant, they had been over a great portion of the country; as well they might - if so inclined - write a volume on their "Adventures in Contentment." Our good wishes follow them as they journey onward.

One of our number was accorded the privilege, rare in this section of the country, of approaching quite close to a baby deer. "Timid as a deer" is a common expression, but "curious as a deer" is sometimes more fitting. If one is quiet, this beautifully graceful animal will approach quite close; then, just as the breathless watcher gets a good view of the shapely head and the clear, glorious eyes, the vision ends and the creature vanishes into the underbrush from which it sprang. This is the second time the same watcher has had this experience.

Our interest in those who have worked with us does not end when, for one reason or another, business relations are severed. And so it is with great pride and pleasure that we record the fact that an arti-

July 22 - concluded.

cle on "betty lamps", written for the "Red Cross Courier" by Miss Priscilla Staples, a former hostess at the Inn, was copied in full by "The New York Times". Which proves our assertion, made some time ago, that Miss Staples continues to feel an interest and liking for the Inn; for it was while she was here that she gleaned a great deal of her knowledge on the subject of the little lamps known as "betty." We hope for more such news from Miss Staples.

Thursday, July 23, 1931. Farm.

A guest, a genial old clergyman, today was greatly interested in what one of the hostesses had to say about Lafayette and his visit to the old Red Horse Tavern at Sudbury. As a bit of information he offered the following: Lafayette had been a guest of our present guest's great grandfather when the latter held an important government position. The silver service which was used on that occasion and which belonged to our guest's great grandfather, is now in the possession of the gentleman who visited the Inn today. We relate this story because it is interesting, but chiefly because it shows that our guests feel a freedom from restraint at the Wayside Inn and talk informally and are at ease. It is this freedom from restraint which we wish to preserve and foster among our guests.

Another man, a Syrian and an expert on oriental rugs, was greatly impressed with our collection of hooked rugs. He particularly spoke of one in the parlor as being of an exceedingly lovely texture with unusually soft, delicate blending of colors. One in the Edison room,

July 23 - continued.

he said, was the best in the house. While we, ourselves, know and realize that are furnishings are very lovely, we feel an additional use of pride when guests, who are authorities along some particular line, are interested enough to comment favorably to us upon them.

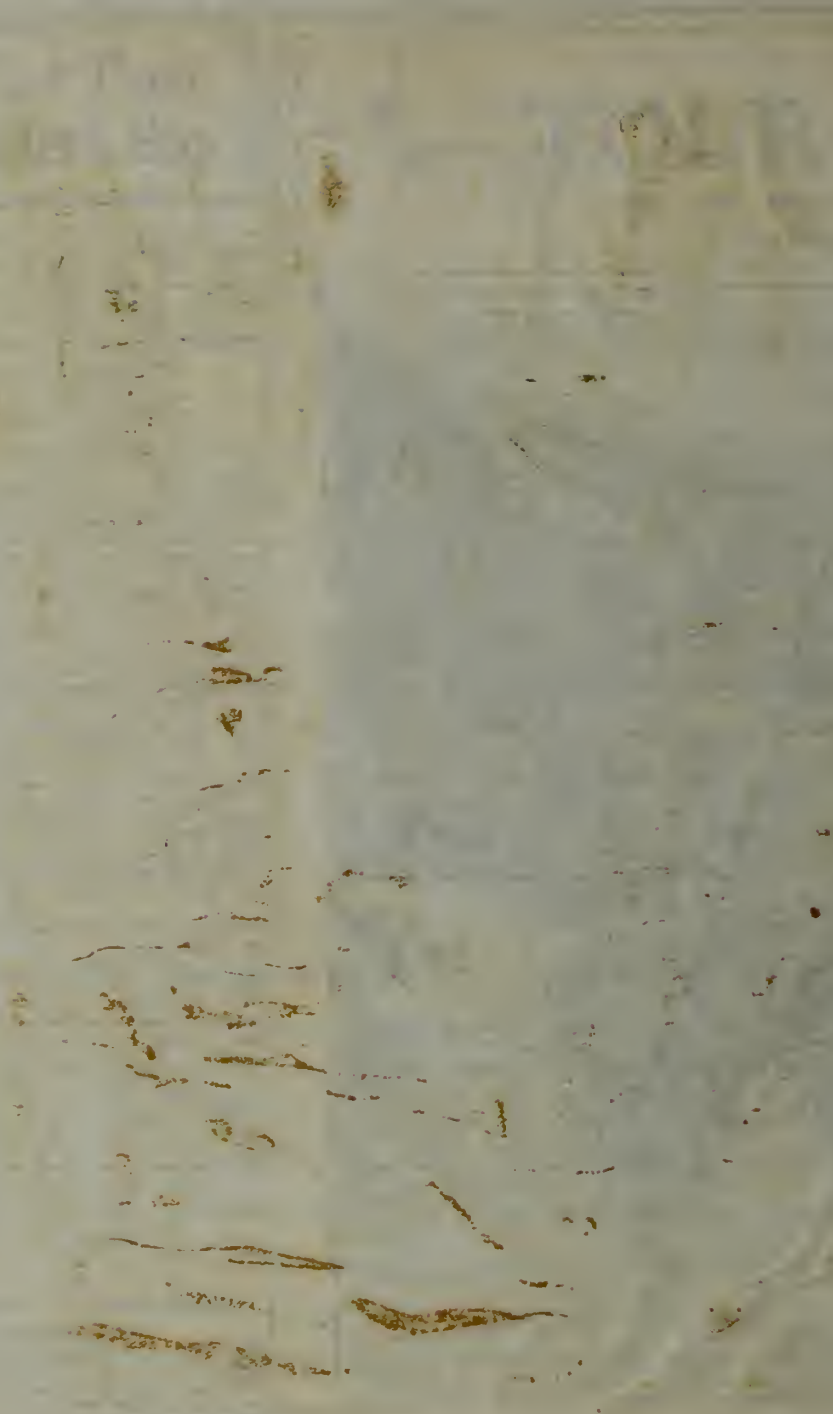
The other side of the picture, so to speak, is presented in this remark made to one of the hostesses as she finished the story in the parlor: "As I looked at you while you were talking, I could see more and more your resemblance to your ancestor, Lyman Howe." ----------

And yet - if folks choose to think of us, as lineal descendants of that old family, we should strive to carry on its finest traditions and make the "Olde Taverne at Sudbury" once again ring with happy laughter and good cheer. As a matter of fact, that is our aim and desire, and we can honestly say that we have heard it so ring!

Friday, July 24, 1931. Warm.

BOSTON POST - FRIDAY, JULY 24, 1931.

A cartoon, to be worthy of the name, must, we think, be



July 24th - continued.

clever; and the "Wayside" sketches, pictured above, seem to us to have that distinction. How many, many times have we heard those same remarks; it is when people do not make them that we are surprised. And yet - inane as some remarks really are, we can tolerate them and be pleasant to the guest who utters them because we know that he (or she) has a genuine love for and interest in the old Inn, and that these expressions are simply a sort of "exhaust."

Today we had a birthday tea party at the Inn. The hostess was a young lady celebrating her thirteenth birthday, and she had four guests. A pretty cake and candles formed an attractive centre-piece, and the guests expressed appreciation of the food served, as well as in the manner it was served.

Yesterday a party of eleven dear old ladies from Stoneham, (Mass.), arrived and had tea; while today a guest proudly admitted that she is in her ninety-third year. The next visitor we greeted was scarcely two - so old and young come to us, and each enjoys it in his own way. And the old Inn beams on one and all.

"

Saturday, July 25, 1931. Farm.

Five people - two women and three men - delegates to the Fraternal Society of the Deaf, in National Convention in Boston, came to see us this afternoon. These people, one of whom could talk a bit and who heard fairly well, came to us to learn something. As a matter of fact, they taught us more than we gave them, for their cheerful, sunny smiles quite won our hearts. One of the men, particularly, was very bright. He "caught on" before the woman who was able to talk had a chance to transmit the written notes of the hostess who showed them about.

In the old ball-room, this man pointed to the word "quadrille" and showed, in pantomime, that he, too, was able to dance a square dance. It was this same man who, when the group went into the new ball-room, noticed the white maple boards and wooden pegs of our beautiful floor; and again, in the large dining room, indicated that the beams were hand-hewn.

Well-dressed and intelligent-appearing, these people,

July 25- continued.

deaf - and dumb - from their infancy, supplied an object lesson which will remain with us for many a day.

One of the hostesses reported that a guest of the early morning told her of owning one of the four "George Washington" mirrors which are now in existence. The United States Government, this man claimed, had offered him one thousand dollars for his mirror; and he also asserted that the federal authorities are still attempting to locate the other three. All this apropos of the fact that his mirror - one of the four - is of the same shape as one in our "Washington" bed-room.

In another vein: great joy was manifest at dinner time to-day when green corn on the cob was brought in! This old New England favorite was brought to the tables in a steaming condition, and needless to say, it disappeared like magic!

Anne Dickerson.
" 7/25/31.

WAYSIDE INN JOURNAL.

Monday, July 27, 1931. Very warm.

LONGFELLOW GARDEN.

A chat with Mr. Lee, our veteran gardner, is like a refreshing breeze after the heat of a busy day. Quite necessary we feel him to be, and in his almost seven years of service at the Inn, he has made lots of friends. It is a common occurrence to have some well-dressed woman inquire if our gardener is enjoying good health, and upon receiving the assurance that he is, beckon her chauffeur to drive on while she talks of "seedlings," "slips," transplanting, and such, with the genial old gentleman, who thoroughly enjoys having guests comment

July 27- continued.

on his garden.

One of his oft-repeated statements is, "It takes time; it takes time to make a garden really a garden. Y'can't hurry it along: it takes time." And his is the soul of an artist: not in a single year, nay, nor a lifetime, is a work of art such as our Longfellow garden completed. It is the accumulation of years of thought and study and LOVE on the part of those whose privilege it is to care for it. To quote Mr. Lee again: "You've got to love a flower to make it grow. You can't just water it and let it go at that: it needs watching and 'loving' to bring out the best that is in it."

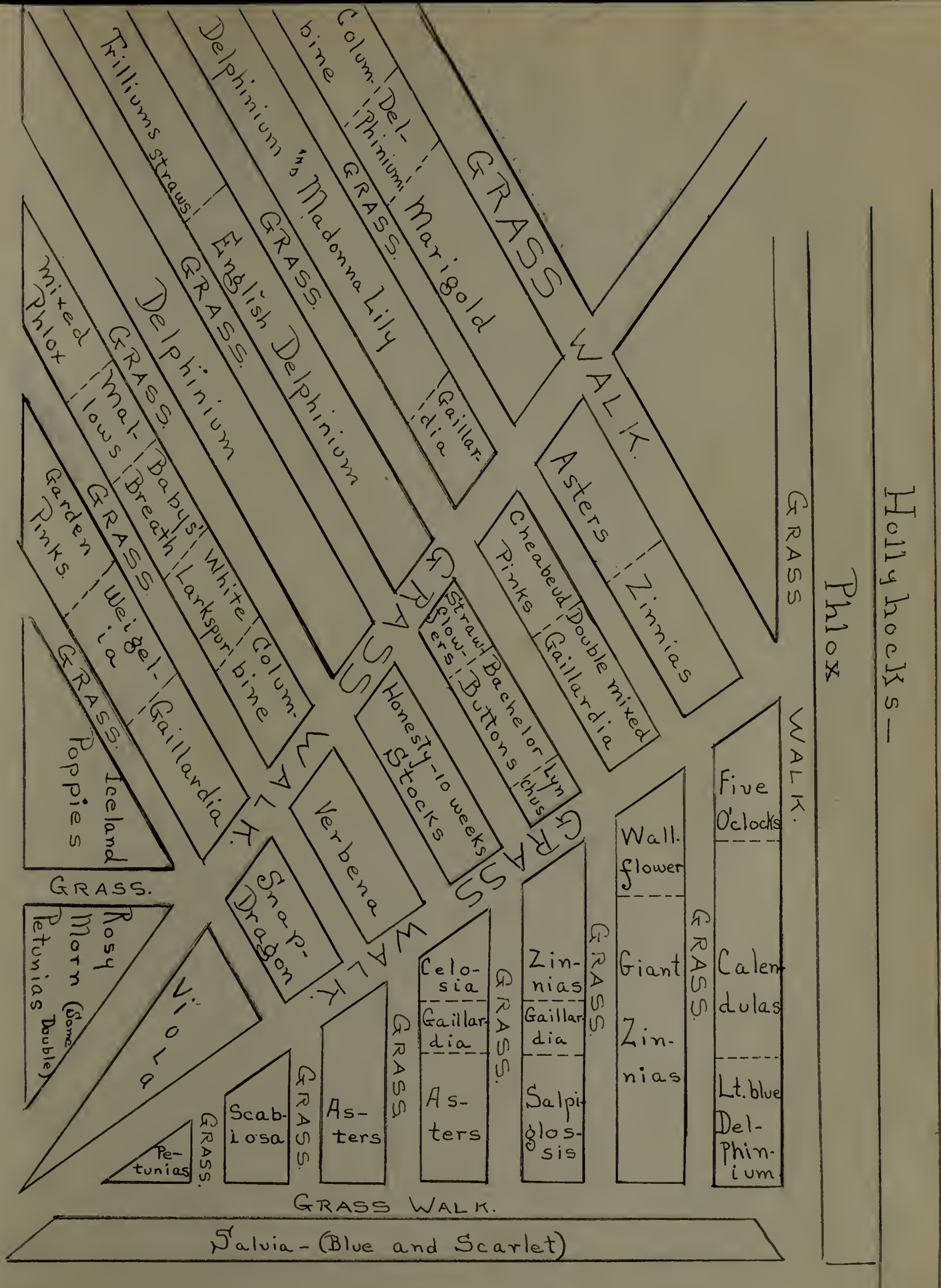
We believe this gardener of ours has flowers on his mind at all times.

"Why, do you know," he said one day recently, "I was drivin' thru ——," (naming a town not far away) "and the traffic was pretty heavy. But I saw a rock garden out of the corner of my eye, and even tho I was payin' attention to my drivin', I could still see what that garden looked like, and I'd like to build me one some time. A rock-garden is the place where a man can express his individuality."

July 27- concluded.

That may be true; but we feel that our friend has expressed his individuality in every bed of blossoms which has known the touch of his hand; in every bush and shrub which he has pruned; and in the trim, well-kept grass walks which border the colorful blossoms.

MR. LEE - JULY 28, 1931.



(A.D. '31) Planting Chart of Garden. (Cut flowers).

Tuesday, July 28, 1931. Very warm.

In one of our reports last winter we made mention of the extreme cold and told how the "oldest inhabitants" were checked from saying that "these parts" do not now experience the severe winters of a generation or two ago. Similarly, these same old cronies are prone to say that our summers are not nearly as hot as they used to be; this in the face of our continued "hot spell" and intense heat of the past month.

The Inn does not easily become uncomfortable on hot summer days. It is generally an easy task to find a cool spot where a gentle breeze fans the air; but to-day there seemed no such refuge. The only way we could forget the heat was to take groups thru the house and tell them the story! Work, yes; but in work one finds release from work, in the sense that, if the work is pleasant, it ceases to be work. Strange to say, the guests did not seem to mind the weather, and gave the same strict attention to all that was said as is usually evinced by our visitors.

July 28 continued.

Twenty-one girls from Camp Wichaka, in Tiskdale, Mass., came this afternoon to go thru the Inn. Attired in natty uniforms, they were an attentive, model audience for the hostess.

Thru all the torridity of the day, chicken and steak dinners were in demand, and from the porch and old dining room came the musical sound of silver and porcelain as guests enjoyed their repasts.

Wednesday, July 29, 1931. Hot.

Loath as we are to make the weather the subject of our remarks, we cannot refrain from commenting upon the performance of the mercury the last two days. With six deaths and many prostrations reported thruout the state, and a thermometer reading of 97° F, we have ample excuse, if excuse be needed, for remarking upon the heat.

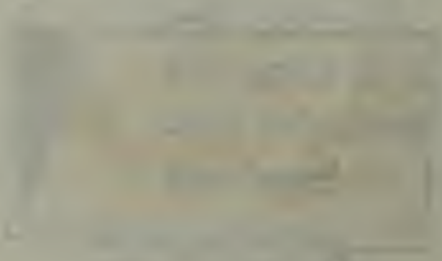
Tho there were not as many visitors today as there were yesterday, the hostesses were kept busy with groups all thru the day. The Harvard Summer School group, which comes each season, came today; and there were thirty-six in the group.

Gone are the days when one could say, "Well, this is the third successive hot day — to-morrow will be cool." There is no such law of averages in existence now. For the sake of our flowers, as well as for our own comfort, we hope and wish for cooler weather and showers.

Today is the feast day of St. Olaf, former King of Norway and patron saint of that country. It was just 900 years ago last summer that he was killed in battle.

Longfellow introduces him into the "Tales of a Wayside Inn" in "The Musician's Tale, the Saga of King Olaf." "The Musician" in this poem was Ole Bull, the famous viollnist.

Boston Post - 7/29/31.



Thursday, July 30, 1931. Very warm.

Inasmuch as our daily remarks this week seem to be prefaced with comments on the weather, we are making this no exception. Today was a hot day, but, we are happy to say, not of such an intense heat as yesterday.

Our ever-welcome friend, Mr. Lovett, was at the Inn for a few moments this afternoon, and he quite calmly and in a perfectly matter-of-fact voice informed us that it was "cool" at the Inn as compared with Detroit. And we were inviting from sheer exhaustion, due to our weather of the past few days.

"BROWNIE" - et al - July 26, 1931.

Just to prove that the boys of the Wayside Inn Boys School are active, we insert the picture at the left, taken on Sunday last, fairly early in the morning. When we came upon these lads, they were all four in the pony cart, and "Brownie" was trotting

(July 30 - continued.

contentedly along the Boston Post Road, headed in the general direction of Worcester and Springfield. Pony and boy, however, most unwillingly consented to pose for pictures; and then away they went, jogging peacefully along as before.

Mention must be made of the fact that "our landlord" is sixty-eight years old today. Rather, tho, we should say he is sixty eight years young, for his is a mind keen as as youth's, but with the mature vision that age and experience bring. And so we wish him happiness, not only on this, his natal day, but during all the days of the many years we wish for him.

Friday, July 31, 1931. Perfect.

Having endured the torridity of the past week, we welcomed the clear, cool freshness of a new day, and with added enthusiasm went about our various tasks. Even the flowers had a more alert look, and it was a pleasure to arrange them and place them about the house.

There is no one who has quite the manner of speaking which distinguishes our Georgia cousins from their other neighbors of the South. A large, motherly woman with an unmistakable Atlanta inflection approached the bar today and inquired if her "cubbahd chauffeur cowed come intuh th' Inn." She said he "jest adoked everything Henry Ford does, and shouldbe right tickled, ma'am, if he cowed come in and see things foh himself."

It was quite evident when the man entered that he was interested, for his eyes gleamed and he had a most intelligent, attentive attitude as he went about. He was typically the Georgia negro - so different from his northern brothers as to almost cause one to think them of separate races; - tall, lean, and very black, he towered head and shoulders over the other men in the room.

Saturday, August 1, 1931. Cool.

The glow of a perfect midsummer day brought a host of visitors to the Inn, and it was a pleasure to tell the story of the house, so interested were the groups as they thronged the place all day long.

Twenty-five people, who were on a "Miller Tour," on the "Greyhound Lines," visited us during the afternoon. Theirs is an interesting itinerary — they start from Indianapolis, Ind., and go to Washington, D. C., by way of Gettysburg, Philadelphia, and Valley Forge; then to Atlantic City, and up the Hudson to West Point, returning to New York City for a day of sight-seeing. Along the Connecticut and Rhode Island shores the party enjoy the glimpses it has of the Atlantic; and finally Plymouth and then Boston are reached. A day is not too much for historic Boston, and the next day — which this year happened to be August first — included in its list a visit to our old Inn.

Following the Massachusetts and New Hampshire coast-lines to Portsmouth, the tour then turns and

August 1 - continued.

goes to the White Mountains; and a visit is made to the Coolidge home as the travelers cross Vermont. Lake George, Saratoga, the Mohawk Valley and Niagara Falls, as well as Hamilton, London, and Windsor, Ontario are reached; after which the tourists return to "the States" by way of Detroit and then back to its starting point, after an absence of three weeks.

A remark that pleased us was made by the man directing the tour, who said it had cost him over fifty dollars to take his group to the Wayside Inn, but that he considered it well worth while because his people had received such courteous treatment and had enjoyed it so much.

Anne Dickerson

8/1/31-

WAYSIDE INN JOURNAL.

MONDAY, AUGUST 3, 1931.

VERY WARM.

MISS MARION ALLEN
JULY, 1931

One of the best-liked workers at the Wayside Inn is the young lady whose picture appears above. Miss Marion Allen came to us in the autumn of 1929 to assist Miss Hopkins at the Redstone School. A graduate of Framingham Normal School - class of 1929 - Miss Allen came very highly recommended. She assisted Miss Hopkins at the Mary Lamb School during the 1929-30 season, and then was given sole charge of the historic little building.

During the 1930-31 season - just ended - Miss Allen worked hard with her little charges, and the results were most gratifying.

Miss Allen, like many of the ladies connected with the Inn, has been a hostess in

August 3 - continued.

the old building and enjoyed the work a great deal, as do all those who do that sort of work.

At present, Miss Allen is again assisting Miss Hopkins, who this time in a different capacity. The Home Products Department at the Market claims our attention, and we may now purchase "Mary Lamb" books from her, as well as any of the various other articles with which the upper floor of our General Store is filled.

For some reason, unknown to us, but none the less pleasing, a great many guests ordered luncheon at noon. There were more orders than there have been for some time past, and the old dining room hummed with a buzz of happy conversation as guests lingered over their desserts, as if loath to leave so charming a spot.

Tuesday, August 4, 1931. Farm.

A fine day, many lunch and dinner orders, a steady stream of visitors, and another happy day at the Farm. Unless one can find the cause in the fact that this is pleasant work, we can see no reason for an enthusiasm which keeps a hostess chatting informally to guests for fifteen or twenty minutes after her work for the day is done. This hostess had shown eleven groups about the house during the day, and yet she was as enthusiastic when talking to the last group as she was when her first guests entered the building.

At the close of the hostess's talk in the parlor, a guest who lives in Marlboro spoke of having entertained in her home in Scituate, Mass., all of the characters mentioned in the "Tales" except the "Spanish Jew", Isaac Edachi, and Ole Bull, the "Musician." She had met Ole Bull, however, several times.

Thomas W. Parsons, the poet, gifted, retiring, and at times eccentric, was a frequent visitor at this home, often staying there while he wrote. The type for many of Dr. Parsons's poems was set up by the brother

August 4 - continued.

of this guest of ours, who was a printer by trade.

Tho his poems never were published in book form, there are some which have been preserved; and this one, "The Old House at Sudbury", is, we think, a very lovely bit, giving us an insight into the thoughts of the writer, as well as a peep into the past.

THE OLD HOUSE AT SUDBURY.

REQUIEM AETERNAM DONA EIS DOMINE

THUNDER-CLOUD MAY ROLL ABOVE HIM,
AND THE BOLD MAY REND HIS OAK;
LYMAN LYETH WHERE NO LONGER
HE SHALL DREAD THE LIGHTNING STROKE.

NEVER TO HIS FATHER'S HOSTEL
COMES A KINSMAN OR A GUEST
MIDNIGHT CALLS FOR NO MORE CANDLES—
HOUSE AND LANDLORD BOTH HAVE REST.

ADAM'S LOVE AND ADAM'S TROUBLE
ARE A SCARCE REMEMBERED TALE;
NO MORE WINE CUPS BRIGHTLY BUBBLE,
NO MORE HEALTHS, NOR CAKES, NOR ALE.

ON THE BROKEN HEARTH A STRANGER
SITS, AND FANCIES FOOLISH THINGS;
AND THE POET WEAVES ROMANCES,
WHICH THE MAIDEN FONDLY SINGS.

August 4 – continued.

All about the ancient hostel
And its legends and its oaks;
And the quaint old bachelor brothers,
And their minstrelsy and jokes.

No man knows them any longer;
All are gone; and I remain
Reading as 't were mine epitaph
On the rainbow colored pane.

Blessing on them, dear initials–
Henry W., Daniel T.,
E. and L.; I'll not interpret
Let men wonder who they be.

Some are in their graves, and many
Buried in their books and cares;
In the tropics, in Archangel;
Our thoughts are no longer theirs.

God, have mercy! all are sinful;
Christ, conform our lives to Thine;
Keep us from all strife, ill Speaking,
Envy, and the curse of wine!

Fetch my steed! I cannot linger:–
Buckley quick; I must away.
Good old groom, take thou this nothing–
Millions could not make me stay.

– T. W. Parsons.

Wednesday, August 5, 1931. Very warm.

Mr. Wilson, who directs the activities at the Salvage Yard, had enough information at the tip of his tongue, so to speak, to fill several pages. He came to work at the Inn on May 1, 1930, and ever since that time has made himself very valuable.

"I've worked, man and boy," he told us, "as a machinist for fifty-one years. Since I was fourteen years old, to be exact; and I'm learning all the time, and still have a whole lot yet to learn." This seems to sum up his philosophy — to keep learning.

"The salvage yard," said Mr. Wilson, "might be called the 'supply yard.' Here it is that we make things which are needed on the place — we've made eleven window-frames for the Smithy House; tables, footstools, card-racks, and a bench for the Market; stair-stock (treads) and a screen door for the Inn; sixty-five screens (full size) for the Dutton Dormitory, twenty-one for the Ezekiel Hawes House; two pairs of blinds for the Adam Howe place; and planed the oak timbers — twenty feet long — for the Smithy House.

"We make everything needed in the wood-work line, and

it is all made from native timber. We try to make everything ourselves, not sending away for anything. We repair all the farm machinery and wagons, sleighs, etc; and we make all mouldings and detail work.

"It is necessary now, however, to go to the laboratory to use the lathe as there is none at present at the salvage yard."

And so he talked, proudly displaying the recently acquired saw, and demonstrating the manner in which a lathe is run as he deftly finished off several neatly turned pieces.

The salvage yard is rightly named, for it salvages things which otherwise might go into the discard. And Mr. Wilson, "Commander-in-chief," loves his work, and is contented and happy there. Else why, if he were not proud of it, should he invite us up to see his equipment?

Thursday, August 6, 1931. Very warm.

Indications this morning pointed to a busy day, and our expectations were realized. Up to eight-thirty, approximately five people had visited the Inn, some, of course, stopping to eat. Of this number, there were six who had breakfast; seventy-seven luncheons were served, sixty-eight guests had our justly famous chicken or steak dinners, and twenty-two had tea.

One case in particular attracted our attention. A woman with her son and daughter ordered luncheon and was, evidently, out of sorts - possibly because of the heat. She was of the kind known as "grumbling." We took particular pains to have her luncheon served promptly, gave her a table on the porch, and, in fact, did all in our power to erase the scowl and replace it with a smile.

Whether it was the goodness of the food served to her, or the effects of our efforts to be tactful - or both - the guest departed in a most cheerful manner, and voluntarily stated that she had had a "most de-

August 6 - continued.

lightful time." It is episodes like this one which make us feel that perhaps, after all, we are accomplishing something. We must admit, however, that this was an extreme case; for rarely do we have to deal with ~~a~~ "grumblers" - they generally go elsewhere than the Hayside Inn!

Seven wide awake boys from "Camp Henechaq", near Ashburnham, Mass., came to see us just before supper time tonight. Snappy gray outfits with W on the sweaters made the youngsters look quite individual.

And thru it all, the locust, the farmer's sign of hot weather kept up its reedy note and made us all feel much warmer than we really were!

Friday, August 7, 1931- Very warm

There was the pleasant old gentleman who came "more than a 'hundard mile' from a little town in Vermont just to see the Wayside Inn." Not a thing in the building escaped his eagle eye- wooden pegs in the ball room floor; stenciled design on the floor of the Lafayette room, and all the various other little details which a great many folks pass by.

Then there came to us a burly giant from the mountains of Virginia- a 'backwoodsman' he called himself- a most interesting man to talk to; a man with a University of Virginia degree, but who, for all that, was of the unmistakable type one sees in the mountain districts even now. His was the right idea: he went thru the house with a hostess, and then asked if he might be allowed to roam about by himself. He came in the early morning and stayed on, evidently enjoying himself immensely, for at five o'clock he was still on the lawn in front of the Inn.

The 'stock' question, nowadays, seems to be: "What is the salary which is paid the

(August 7- continued.

teacher in the 'Mary Lamb' School?" We have been asked that question at least six times in the past two weeks, whereas last summer we heard it not.

Then there was the week when so many guests asked about the relationship of Elias Howe, the inventor of the sewing machine, to the Howes of Red Horse Farm. Some day we shall make a study of the questions asked, and of the type of people who ask certain kinds. Oh, the Inn is an education in many ways, not the least of which is that it teaches us to 'classify' our guests as they enter. Some are perfect (!)-(very few of them!) some 'cranky'; but all are interested in the old house, and really want to know something about it.

"

Saturday, August 8, 1931. Cool.

The intense heat of the past week seems to have been broken, for today was the sort of day on which it is a pleasure to be alive. Guests came to the Inn with smiles on their faces; natural smiles, not the wilted, semi-dejected twists of countenance which, during the last hot days, passed for smiles.

We overheard a remark made by a guest as she entered, and directed to the hostess who welcomed him. "Is there someone to explain the beauties of this place?" It was spontaneous, and his attitude as he visited the different rooms was one of interest and attention to all that was explained in the hostess's talk.

Five young women, students at Clark University (Worcester) visited us.

Interesting items are garnered on every hand. To-day we learned from a lecturer on one of the bus-lines that Edith Stevens, whose clever cartoon, "Wayside," appeared in the Boston Post a short time ago, was a passenger on one of the trips of this same lecturer, and that she had been seen busily sketching as she rode along.

August 8 - continued.

"It's such a nice custom you have here of paying for meals before one enters the dining-room," said one woman. "It gives the guest a feeling of being entertained at the home of a friend, particularly when a neatly dressed waitress announces quietly that 'dinner is served.' I'm so glad you spoke of it and explained it to me." We record such remarks as the above - because they reveal the sentiments of our guests. After all, it is the sentiment of the public which keeps the old Inn running; if it were not that people liked the place they surely would not come to visit it!

Anne Dickerson.
8/8/31.

WAYSIDE INN JOURNAL.

MONDAY, AUGUST 10, 1931. COOL; CLOUDY.

"All the world loves a lover"—so runs the old saying. And when the lover is young, good-looking, and very recently married, his world just naturally rejoices with him. The old Wayside Inn opened its doors with even more than its usual amount of hospitality as Mr. and Mrs. Robert A. Sayer, of Dearborn, Michigan, expressed a desire to obtain shelter.

What greater tribute could be paid the Inn than that these two young people, married on Saturday, should choose to spend a part of their honeymoon beneath its roof—the roof which has sheltered many another bride and groom for more than two centuries? The whole-hearted manner in which the bride expressed her love for the old place quite won our hearts; and when she said she'd like the house for her own, we were certain she'd be a success as the daughter-in-law of the Director!

As always, there was an amusing aspect to the situation. The natty convertible sedan in which the young people came from Dearborn—incidentally, it was full of rice!—was parked just outside the door of the Inn, "sacred" ground so far as cars of ordinary guests are concerned.

August 10- continued.

With the convertible top "converted," it presented a most pleasing appearance; this, together with the Michigan number-plates attracted considerable attention from the visitors at the Inn. We saw one man walk around the little car several times, scrutinizing it most carefully, and then take out pad and pencil and start sketching it! What a magic sound those two words produce: "Food" and "Michigan."

The Wayside Inn welcomes these two young folks and it adopts them into its large "family" of happy men and women. May they find the opportunity to come often to visit us.

Tuesday, August 11, 1931. Cool; showers.

Tho we are always appreciative of the advantages we have in working here at the Inn, we are sometimes made to realize what a privilege it is to be here — made to realize it more forcibly, that is.

Down into the slum districts of Boston we went to-day; our object to find an upright piano for use in one of the dormitories connected with the Bays School. Morgan Memorial, that organization which salvages anything and everything from a pair of shoes to a human soul, offered pianos galore from which we might choose the one we preferred.

Some in wretched condition, some ready for buyers; old ones, some not so old, light ones, dark ones — all seemed clamoring for a chance to be sold — to be given "a chance." It is this idea of giving men and women — (as well as pianos and other articles) "a chance" that makes of this institution a force for good in a section of the city notorious for poverty and a breeding — place for crime.

Perhaps we are sentimental, but we see in this little incident a kindly gesture, quite in

Wednesday, August 12, 1931. Very rainy.

Books on etiquette tell us that we must not despise the weather as a topic of conversation. One, on a day like to-day, could scarcely ignore the weather completely, for it so persistently and insistently rained that there wasn't the shadow of a doubt in anyone's mind as to whether it would "clear up" or "rain just a bit more."

On days such as this, no one asks us the use of the "tub" in the lower hall. Umbrellas of every description are deposited within it, and the casual guest naturally takes it for granted that our old corn-sheller is an umbrella-stand! And why not? Surely it makes an excellent one, even to the holes in the bottom which allow the moisture to run off! Verily, our forefathers planned more wisely than they knew, and this instance of the corn-sheller is but one of many which we might cite.

August 11 - continued.

- keeping with the traditions of the old Tavern. By purchasing an instrument from Morgan Memorial we shall benefit not only ourselves, but also aid in a most worthy undertaking: that of reclaiming what seemingly is of no further use, be it an article of clothing or a man.

Then the Inn of warming the nose of our Lord so that it headed for Home! The Inn is "home" to all of us who love it, and its cheery hospitality is always genuine, always "on tap" for anyone who wished enter.

"

Thursday, August 13, 1931. Farm; clearing.

Just at present we are interested in the psychology which causes our Inn to have so many visitors. The last few days have been banner days - so far as this season is concerned - for we have had more guests to see the house and more who stop to eat than we have had for sometime. "Why?" we ask. Is it that with the advent of August people consider the hot weather to be ended?

With the roads on either side of us in poor condition, due to reconstruction, it was natural that our guest-book should show fewer names than it had in past seasons. But entries for recent days show a decided increase.

Noon sees a number of "Blue-liners",-as someone dubbed the tourists who come to us via the bus-lines,- following with interest the story of the hostess who shows them about and smiling contentedly as soon as they are called to lunch - by one of the gray-clad waitresses.

Luncheon over, these visitors generally flock to the Redstone School, there to hear the ever-interesting story of Mary Sawyer and the lamb "which was

August 13- continued.

history." From the Middle West they come, a great number of them, and they take back to their homes and schools interesting material on which to talk or to ponder during the long winter months. To us, who are of the Inn and who see it daily,- who we appreciate its beauty and traditions, it is surprising the amount of information these little country school-teachers absorb. They literally seem to "drink in" everything that is told them, and we have yet to find a guest who wasn't impressed with some phase of the Hayside Inn project.

"

Friday, August 14, 1931. Hot.

Altho the weather has returned to what we're beginning to believe is to be expected - hot - guests continue to pour into the Inn in numbers exceeding any of the season thus far. One group of colored people came - it looked like one large family - and there were eight adults and two children. The next admissions came from seven - these, too, were in one group. The 'bus loads' are larger, more of these guests are having meals, and there is a general hum of activity about the Inn, particularly at noon.

Fifty-eight girls and their councillors came to see the Inn today; girls from Boston Cedar Hill Camps, in Waltham, Mass.

Because we have a sense of humor and also because we dig the chronic fault finder, we quote some remarks of an early morning guest.

"There ought to be a glass over the Bible box so guests can see what's in the box." Passing on to the parlor, she asked to be shown the writing on the window pane. When it was pointed out to her she announced that there should be an electric bulb in back of the "rhyme."

"How d'you know that

August 14 - continued

dish is "Sandwich" glass? Y'don't know it - only that someone has told you so, and you believe it."

What a sordid outlook on life! When we think of the many, many things we must take on faith, as it were, we wonder just how such people ever get any enjoyment at all out of life; and our pity for them outweighs our inclination to smile.

And in the same day a lady remarked that our old house is "the best-kept Inn" she had ever seen; while two luncheon guests said that everything — food, service, and each detail — was perfect. We are reminded of the poem of the "Mountain and the Squirrel", where one says to the other that ---- "all sorts of wind and weather
Must be taken in together
To make a year - and a sphere."

Saturday, August 15, 1931. Rainy.

Shortly before eleven o'clock this morning, what had been a hot, "sticky" feeling day turned into a rainy one, and the downpour continued until late afternoon. Instead of dampening the ardor of our guests - no quip is intended - it seemed to bring them out in even greater numbers, for, in addition to the usual bus load of tourists which arrives about noon, we had another shortly afterward. Twenty-eight in this second group ordered luncheons and were most interested in going thru the house.

The bulk of our visitors today seemed hungry, for a great many of them had meals of one description or another. It gives quite a tavern-like appearance to the house when the old dining-room is filled with guests. We experience some of the same sensations we imagine Lyman Howe and his father's feet when, the day's work done, they sauntered thru the rooms of the Red Horse and chatted informally with their guests, or went about seeing that all was snug and right for the night.

Today marked the last day of "bandage" for the boys of the Boys School, for to-mor-

August 15 - continued.

row - at the "crack o' dawn", as someone said - they leave for Maine and camp. I understand that the mathematicians of the School have, for the past few weeks, kept the exact number of hours remaining until vacation-time posted on the bulletin board. This notice is carefully checked each day and the twenty-four hours religiously deducted! For two weeks the Inn will be without these carefree youngsters, and we shall miss them not a little bit, but a great deal. On their return, school activities commence for the winter, and a new season will be inaugurated. And so it is with sincerity that we wish them all a most happy fortnight of freedom from what they term their "troubles."

Anne Dickerson

" 9/15/31.

WAYSIDE INN JOURNAL.

MONDAY, AUGUST 17, 1931. HOT.

Canon Digby to Hold Noon Missions at Cathedral

Something new in mid-summer church services will be a noon mission, to be conducted at the Cathedral Church of St. Paul, this coming week, from Monday through Friday by Canon Wingfield Digby, who is serving the Cathedral Church this summer in exchange with the vicar, Rev. Charles R. Peck. Mr. Peck is in England, at Canon Digby's parish, Sherborne Abbey.

Canon Digby already has conducted a number of noon services at the cathedral, and has aroused wide interest through his unusual ministry. His services have been informal, more after the fashion of a mission than a formal devotional service. To an unusual extent he has made these services an expression of his own personal religion and of his own philosophy of life. For this reason, it was suggested to Canon Digby that he conduct a week's mission, when he can carry out this program more thoroughly. Each service will last from 12.10 to 12.30, with hymns, prayers and responses, and a brief address by Canon Digby.

The accompanying clipping was taken from one of the Boston papers, and is of interest to us because Canon Digby, together with Miss Digby, dined at the Inn on Saturday last. They expressed pleasure in the charm of the Inn and its surroundings.

Canon Digby, like so many others, was most modest; and it was by the merest accident that one of the hostesses discovered who he was.

Deserted are the two dormitories: Calvin Howe and Solomon Dutton; deserted the Inn dining room at noon; for our boys have left for their two weeks' vacation. The Inn once more has become the dignified, staid old hostelry; tho we insist it must have a sense of humor.

Our last remark, perhaps, needs explanation. Such is

August 17- continued.

easily furnished when we mention the deluge of "Empress Eugenie" hats which has descended upon the old house. How it must chuckle as it beholds the effect of long faces, wide faces, faces fat and faces lean, and all those in between- all, all beneath one of the perky little "derbies" that seem to have taken the country by storm! For be it known that all the fair sex of our country do not resemble the Empress of the French, nor can they, for this reason if for no other, all wear her hat and wear it becomingly. And so, we say the old Inn chuckles as one after another of the little hats passes thru its rooms.

Canon Digby Preaches at Meeting on Boston Common

Canon S. H. Winfield Digby of Salisbury Cathedral, England, preaching at an open-air service conducted by the Greater Boston Federation of Churches on the Charles-street mall, Boston Common, yesterday afternoon, emphasized the importance of spiritual uplift.

Canon Digby made the prediction, repeating it as one that had been made to him by the Bishop of Salisbury, that within a comparatively short time the whole world would experience the greatest revival of Christianity ever known. He said that current events were pointing in that direction.

BOSTON TRANSCRIPT.

Tuesday, August 18, 1931. Perfect.

Last week we wrote of the pleasure we experienced in welcoming Mr. and Mrs. Robert Boyer, of Dearborn, Michigan, to the Hayside Inn.

AUGUST 10, 1931.

"Bob" is a Hayside Inn boy, so to speak, for several of the years of his life were spent at the old tavern, or at least within a very short distance of it. We are inserting a picture of the car which brought the young people from Detroit, and which, by reason of its newness of design and Michigan number-plates, occasioned much comment on the part of guests at the Inn.

We had, in addition to the other guests, forty-eight children and councillors from the Workmen's Circle Camp at Framingham. Once every year this group of spirited youngsters comes to visit the Inn, and each year seems more enthusiastic, if possible, than it was

August 18- continued.

the preceding year. He recall the vociferous and spontaneous cheer this group gave the "teacher" of the Redstone School when they visited that popular building last year, and the contrast the ear-splitting cheer made to the silence in which they sat as the hostess told the story of Mary and her lamb.

"

Wednesday, August 19, 1931. Rain; cool & sun.

We sensed that yesterday was a busy day, both from the number of guests who ordered dinners and luncheons — there were nearly two hundred of these — and from the number who came merely to go thru the house. Over seven hundred and twenty-five persons entered our doors, and from eight in the morning until after nine at night, the sound of feet passing thru the halls and rooms was heard.

The roasting-jack in the old kitchen was wound and wound again by the hostesses who explained its intricacies to an ever interested, attentive audience. Therein lies the secret of the happiness of our hostesses: a new group of people shown thru the house is so interested in what we have to show and tell them that the entire story seems ever new, ever fresh to the narrator.

"Don't you ever tire of telling the same story over & over?" is a frequent question. And our answer comes instantly and with perfect frankness and sincerity, "No, we never tire of it, for our audiences are, generally speaking, so interested that we feel almost as tho we were simply talking informally to a group of friends."

Thursday, August 20, 1931. Perfect.

The Junior Girl Scout State Camp, from Cedar Hill, Waltham, Mass., came to see us this afternoon. Forty-eight orderly, well-mannered children, together with seven wide-awake councillors, followed the hostess from room to room and listened attentively as she unfolded "the tale of a Hayside Inn." Very obligingly they consented to pose for a picture, and very quickly they assembled in "group formation" as the picture was snapped. We must admit, tho, that they disbanded more quickly than they had formed!

"You must go to the Hayside Inn when you're in Boston." Such was the order given one of to-day's guests by one of the "boys" of the Retreat of the Universalist clergymen. In a way, we should not note the above command, inasmuch as it a common occurence!

Friday, August 21, 1931. Cool.

It would be interesting to find and verify all the statements made to us by the various guests who claim kinship with the family Howe. A woman stated that she had a friend whose great, great grandfather was a Howe and the owner of the Inn. This friend, it seems, was married at the Inn, and had presented to her as a wedding-gift some china with the initials S. H., for Sarah Howe. It was the china from which Lafayette was supposed to have eaten when he was a guest at the old "Red Horse" Tavern.

Saturday, August 22, 1931. Perfect.

Days like to-day make us think of ruddy apples and the delicious golden cider of October. For this was a typical autumn day, save for the fact that the leaves are still green on the trees and that summer still holds sway in the old fashioned garden beyond the brick wall.

Under the auspices of the Farm and Garden Association, thru the Middlesex County Extension Service, a demonstration was given this afternoon at the cooling plant on how to grade apples. From a remark made by one of the officials, we learned that our apples are in good condition.

A trip thru the orchards by those attending the demonstration was one of the features of the afternoon's program. High on the hillside, these orchards present a pleasing appearance, and the fruit peeping thru the foliage bears evidence to the fact that the trees are productive.

Anne Dickerson.
9/22/31.

WAYSIDE INN JOURNAL.

MONDAY, AUGUST 24, 1931. COOL; RAIN.

When one hostess has something nice said to or about her, we all feel a sort of "reflected glory," so to speak, and share in her pleasure. Mrs. Bennett, the last lady to come to us in the role of hostess, was on duty at the Redstone School for the last two weeks. During this time she made many contacts and had several interesting items to note in her diary for the little school.

We are enclosing a letter, received at the Inn, and addressed simply to the "hostess who was in charge of the little Red schoolhouse on August 18th." We insert it, not so much for its content, as for the spirit in which it is written and for the motives which prompted the writing of it. Surely, a hostess who inspires a letter of this kind is worthy of her title of hostess, and is an asset to the organization with which she is connected.

Letter follows on 2 succeeding pages.

218 Massachusetts Ave.
Providence, R.I.
August 20, 1931.

My Dear:

On Tuesday afternoon, August 18th, together with my husband, small daughter and friends I visited the schoolhouse, and thoroughly enjoyed your description of everything there. You will perhaps recall that as you showed us the arithmetic and writing which "Mary" kept, you inquired if we knew when the first steel pens came into existence, as you were of the opinion that the writing in the two books you have were done with a quill pen.

I have found this information in "The Book of Knowledge", Volume 11, Page 3484, and am enclosing a copy of the paragraphs found therein. In the book are pictures showing the various processes required in manufacturing steel pens.

It seems strange to write a letter to a person whose name I do not know, but we all enjoyed our day so much at the Inn, and the Old Mill, and appreciated so much your graciousness to us in explaining so many things pertaining to the schoolhouse, that I just wanted to pass

August 24- concluded.

this on to you. I am sure by the dates given, that there is no question but that your books were written with a quill pen.

I hope if we come that way again, and we surely plan to some day, that we will have the pleasure of seeing you again.

Sincerely yours

Grace B. Barber

(Mrs. Harold E.)

Tuesday, August 25, 1931. Perfect.

Charming in a sweet, natural way, and quite active - notwithstanding her ninety-three years - a Miss Sarah Fiske Lee, of Ipswich, New Hampshire, made quite an extended visit to the Inn this afternoon. Her snow white hair seemed to make a halo for her face; a face full of expression and a most interesting one to watch as she recalled some of the scenes of her youth. Seated in the bar-room, this dainty little lady held, it seemed, a court; for several of the guests gathered about her as she told of various customs she remembered from her childhood days.

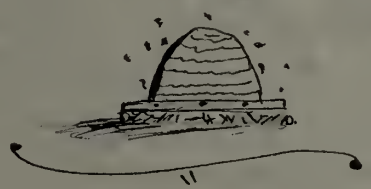
His grandfather a cousin to the poet, a Mr. Guy Longfellow Seamans came to the Inn and spoke highly of its hospitality and cheer.

A few there was the lady who informed us that she had visited "all the old houses," but that this one (the Inn) "surpassed them all"!

A busy day - there were thirty-five in a "Mayflower" bus-load which came to us about three o'clock, and a large group of teachers who came

(August 25 - continued.

a short time later. Then the regular ebb and flow of guests about the place gave it a great air of bustle and activity. In fact, the old place hums! It hums with interest, hospitality, business, and contentment; and it is the ambition - and pleasure - of each hostess to see that it continues to —— hum!



Wednesday, August 26, 1931. Perfect.

Dr. Copeland

It was our pleasure today to have included in one of our groups Senator Royal S. Copeland, Senator from New York and phycician of note.

"I was born within a few miles of Mr. Ford," said the senator, "and I am a great admirer of the man. He has done, and is doing, a wonderful piece of work here."

We recall the fact that Dr. Copeland wrote a most interesting article on the diet followed by the Inn staff and the boys of the school, and that this article, unlike most things of that sort, was surprisingly accurate and true in content.

"You know, I like this place and I'm coming back," was the parting remark as the senator graciously extended his hand and gripped that of the hostess at the door.

Tall, genial, with a humorous twinkle in his eye, Dr. Copeland is a figure one can not fut notice.

In July, 1924, there was a young man visiting in Dearborn, Michigan, and while he was there he inscribed his name, or rather one of his

August 26 - continued.

names - for he has many, on the bottom of an old sap bucket. This is the "Edward I." on the list of names on the bottom of the old "Coolidge sap bucket," now hanging in the bar-room at the Inn.

Acting as aide - and, by the way, he was the only American aide to the Prince of Wales, ("Edward VII.") was Colonel Adbert. The Colonel held the bucket while the Prince, with difficulty, (because of the wood, which was not easy to write upon) signed his name. Colonel Adbert was at the Inn to-day, and had luncheon with us.

Last night (Tuesday) we had as a dinner guest Miss Betty Nuthall, tennis champion of the English courts.

To-day continued the work begun by August, for we were very busy all day long. And groups were continually being taken thru the house by the hostesses.

Thursday August 27, 1931. Rain.

One of our guests, a Mr. Foster of Binghampton, New York, claimed to have the original "stars and stripes," with the six pointed star, the flag which was copied by Betsy Ross, but changed by her to one having a star of five points. Pennypacker confirms the belief that Betsy Ross copied this flag.

Mr. Foster also has a 'swingle' for beating flax - an implement of wood, looking like a large knife. He was surprised to find that the Inn has no such instrument on display in the old kitchen. From his talk, this guest seemed to own a fine and interesting collection of Americana.

Among our guests yesterday was the nephew of the Governor of Massachusetts, as well as many more, some of whom registered in our guest book, but all of whom showed interest in the old house.

One snowy Sunday afternoon in January of the winter just past, two or three middle-aged men alighted from the Boston-bound Worcester - Boston bus and darted across the road toward the entrance gate of the Inn. Finding it locked, they

August 27- continued.

went on a bit further, and ducked under wires and thru lilac bushes until they had gained entrance to the Inn grounds. Then, for all the world like school-boys on a holiday, they dashed up to the front door and vigorously plied the knocker. They had not long to wait, for the door swung open almost immediately and the men were soon before the open fire in the bar-room, laughing and joking and noisily greeting each new arrival.

Needless to say, we are referring to the annual retreat of Universalist ministers held each year at the Inn. And so it was all clearly brought back to us to-day when Dr. Huntley, one of the "boys," came again to visit us. He again told us how much he and all his colleagues love the Inn, and spoke in glowing terms of plans for the January, 1932, gathering.

"

Eight members of the 4H Canning Club, of Berlin, Mass. came to visit us this afternoon.

"

Friday, August 28, 1931. 1 p.m.

Back in April of this year a card was sent to Mr. Ford at Detroit, stating that the sender had in her garden at Augusta, Georgia, some heart's-ease, the original plant of which came from the Wayside Inn garden many years ago. The card was forwarded to us at the Inn and was the occasion of a request for a plant for our old-fashioned garden, which, at the time, harbored no such plant among its beds and rows of bloom.

Further correspondence revealed the fact that it was inadvisable to transplant at that particular time, owing to the heat and dryness of the Georgia garden; but a short time later brought a letter announcing that the little plant had started on its journey northward, by way of Uncle Sam's parcel post. It reached us in good condition, and is now accustoming itself to the New England soil from which its forbears sprang.

The following poem, written when heart's-ease was popular as a flower, shows a sweet Mid-Victorian sentiment, with a trace of sadness permeating it.

August 28—continued

HEART'S-EASE.

i

Of all the lovely buds that blow,
In clear or cloudy weather;
Of all the flowers that come and go,
The whole twelve months to-gether;
This little, purple pansy brings
Thoughts of the saddest, sweetest things.

ii

I had a little lover once
Who used to bring me posies,
His eyes were blue as violets,
His cheeks were red as roses;
And everybody loved to praise
His pretty looks and winsome ways.

iii

The girls that went to school with me
Made little jealous speeches,
Because he brought me loyally
His nicest plums and peaches;
And always at the door would wait
To carry home my book and slate.

iiii

They could not see- with pout and fling--
The mighty fascination
About that little snub-nosed thing
To cause such admiration;
As if there weren't a dozen girls
With nicer eyes and longer curls.
All this I knew as well as they,
And never could see clearly,
Why more than Marion or May,
I should be loved so dearly.

August 28 - concluded.

v

One day I asked him why was this?
He only answered with a kiss.
But when I pleaded, tell me why,-
I want to know the reason,
He turned and from the bed close by,
The heartsease were in season,
He plucked a flower and gave to me
With sweet and simple gravity.

vi

The garden is in bloom, he said,
With lilacs tall and slender,
With roses and verbenas red,
And Fuschia's purple splendor-
But over and above the rest
The little heart's-ease suits me best.

vii

Am I your little heart's-ease then?
I asked with childish pleasure;
He answered yes, and yes again,
Heart's-ease, and dearest treasure,
That the earth and the deep sea
Held nothing half so dear as me.

viii

I listened with profound delight,
Too rare for words to capture;
Could I foresee the sudden blight
That would come to chill my rapture?
Could I foresee the tender bloom
Of heart's-ease 'round a little tomb?

Saturday, August 29, 1931. Lull; clearing.

To our list of guests was added Mrs. Van Arsdale, who, thru her mother, was related to Mrs. Sarah Josepha Hale, the author of the last three stanzas of "Mary had a Little Lamb." Someone has called Mrs. Hale the "moralist" of the Mary-and-her-Lamb-story.

One by one the boys who have been on vacation are drifting back to school. To hear them talk, one would be led to suppose they had been away from the Inn for months at least, instead of only two weeks. We must admit, however, that if it were not for the fact that we have been busy during the last fortnight we should have missed the boys much more than has been the case. We are happy to have them back with us, and tho some of them look like Indians from their two months on the farm - we know they are still the same irrepressible, lovable youngsters who waved good-bye to us two weeks ago.

Anne Dickerson
8/29/31

WAYSIDE INN JOURNAL

MONDAY, AUGUST 31, 1931. PERFECT.

Looking for all the world like a tribe of healthy young Indians, the boys of the Wayside Inn Boys School assembled this morning at eight o'clock to be present at the formal opening of school for the 1931-32 season. Some, those who were to work "in the field" during the morning hours, were present shorts and working attire generally; while the boys whose duties lay in the class-room appeared in blue serge, or whatever constituted their "best suits."

That impressed us most was the clean, wide-awake appearance of these boys; the intelligent expressions on their faces, and the interest with which they followed all that was said. We feel that we have some very good material in these boys of ours, and that it needs but the right touch to develop it into something big and fine — a credit to this or to any other school.

When one woman told us that she had visited the Inn eight times this summer, we were most agreeably surprised, for we thought it a most complimentary gesture

August 31 continued.

on her part. Each time she has guests, she explained, she took them to the Wayside Inn as a part of her entertainment for them.

Another little lady came to the bar, and, putting three dollars on the counter, said, "There are eleven of us- not counting the three children who are still in school." Asked if they were from some special organization or group, she replied, "Oh, no! We're just together." And so they come, as to a shrine. And that is precisely what the old tavern is: a shrine to America; to its ideals, its past, its brave men and women, living and gone, and its glorious outlook for the future.

"

Tuesday, September 1, 1931. Perfect.

-Grist Mill-

Some time ago we wrote about our miller, Mr. Smith. At the time we wrote we didn't realize just exactly the type of man we had in charge of our mill, nor think of him in any capacity other than the one of miller. As a matter of fact, he comes of a family of millers, and for generations his peo-

The Miller, his Cat, and his Mill.

7/3/31.

September 1- continued.

-GRIST MILL- 7/31/31.

We have followed the trade of the magicians who cause the grain to be ground into meal or flour seemingly by a touch of the hand.

But our Mr. Smith made an excellent reader one day recently, when he read from the Bible at one of the assemblies at Calvin Howe Home. We could easily picture him filling the pulpit at some Sunday morning church service; and as his voice rolled on we looked on this man from a new angle.

To the tune of "Turkey in the Straw" a small girl sang a jolly little song to us in the parlor this morning. It was all about a happy miller whose work was his world and who loved his work. Well might the author of that song had our own miller in mind as he wrote.

Wednesday, September 2, 1931. Dull; warm.

About a year ago - perhaps a trifle more than that - we went to the "Mary Lamb" School to listen to Miss Hopkins, who was then the teacher, tell the story to the usual group of interested listeners. In one of the front seats sat a dear old lady who nodded her head from time to time as if in agreement with the hostess's story.

This little lady proved to be Miss Anna Sawyer, a niece of Mary, and she was making her first visit to the red schoolhouse since its removal to the Ford property.

To-day, the Inn had as guests Mr. and Mrs. Francis Sawyer and daughter, relatives also of Mary, and of course their visit included a trip to the Redstone School. It was this same Mr. Sawyer who gave freely of his information for the preparation of our little book: "The Story of Mary's Little Lamb."

Another visitor today was Miss Priscilla Staples, whose popularity can be gauged by the fact that, even tho she has been away from the Inn for

September 2 - continued.

over a year, people still ask for her, and say they'd like to be taken thru the house by the "tall, thin lady." On a three weeks' vacation, almost the first thing Miss Staples did was to visit the Inn. What greater proof than that is needed to show that the old house has a fascination for one which will not be drowned by long absence from it, but rather is heightened and strengthened?

Thursday, September 3, 1931. Raining.

The setting was perfect. There we were — the typical New England store-keeper and ourselves in a typical New England store. In fancy we were taken back fifty years to the time when the "horse and buggy" stood outside at the hitching post, where to-day a shiny new automobile awaits the customer.

The pickle-barrel, the cracker barrel; cheese and old-fashioned candy; the round stove in the center of the room; the old "Farmers' Almanac" hanging on a hand made nail; a battered checker-board — these and various other things made of it an ideal setting for the conversation which took place on the settle near the stove.

Mr. Acton B. Thwing, the shop-keeper, reminded us of Mr. Coolidge as he stated that his "grandfather had had a store, then his father", and then he had taken it over. Mr. Coolidge is said to have made a somewhat similar remark when, in 1924, the "Coolidge sap-bucket" was presented to Mr. Ford.

For a hundred and five years the Thwing family in Maine have been store-keepers. Our Mr.

September 3 - continued.

Irving's grandfather had run a store, and at his death his wife continued the management of affairs until such time as Alderson (the father of our present store-keeper) should be old enough to carry on the work.

Twice a year this brave woman saddled her horse and rode to Boston for supplies. Making Portland the first day, it took three or four days for the journey; the goods were ordered and then sent - by boat - to the store in Maine. "Often," said our informant, "she would meet a bear in her travels, but she kept right on and always reached home full of enthusiasm and ready to take up her duties where she had left them."

"One of my grandfathers," continued our friend, "was a selectman of Boston. He later went to Maine on business for the colony and then settled there. Benedict Arnold, on his way to Canada, stopped at this relative's house."

He had to wait while our new-found friend attended to a customer; and then he came back, rubbing his hands and ready to continue.

September 3- continued.

"D'you know there's a Thwing Street in Boston?" he inquired. Upon being assured that we did not know it, he proceeded to tell us where and how to find it.

As a sort of afterthought he informed us that he has been keeping store for thirty-eight years!

We consider ourselves fortunate in securing such men as our Gardener, Mr. Lee; our miller, Mr. Smith; and our storekeeper for employees on the Inn Property. Each is a distinct type and offers many a study for the student of human nature.

Friday, September 4, 1931. Perfect.

Just another one of those "bright blue days" when everything combines to make one glad to be alive; glad to be able to enjoy the beauties of early fall flowers, to linger over the full, ripe ears of golden bantam corn, or to bite into the satin smoothness of peaches just picked from our own trees. Oh, these early September days are glorious ones at the Wayside Inn. Before the leaves have really begun to put on their autumn colors—tho some maples already glow scarlet among the deep green of pine and hemlock—there is a freshness and beauty not to be rivalled by any spring-time scene ever depicted on canvas or with crayon. Cedar wax-wings, hundreds of them, "in conference" before their migration, lent just the necessary touch of approaching cold weather as they were observed one morning early in the week.

A guest told us today that her great, great uncle, an Edward Mead, once visited the Inn a great many years ago,—before Mr. Lemon bought the place—and was so fascinated by it that he wrote an editorial about it in one of

September 4 continued.

the Boston papers. Whether as a result of his reading the editorial or not, the outcome of it was that Mr. Lennon saw Mr. Mead and came out to Sudbury and bought the old Inn.

The papers wrote up Mr. Mead's "discovery" of the old place, and that gentleman has many letters written him at this time, congratulating and commending him because of his part in saving the old house from neglect and disuse.

"

Saturday, September 5, 1931. Fine.

Once before we made the statement that the Inn was a meeting place for people from all over the country. Two guests were casually thumbing the pages of our guest book to-day, when one of them exclaimed, "Of all things! So this is where they went! Just wait until we get back home!" Of course, we were absolutely at sea as to what was meant, so we merely smiled and looked as intelligent as circumstances permitted.

It developed that the "they" referred to were a bride and groom who had been married the day before and had departed on their honeymoon, no one knew where. At least, no one knew until the sharp eyes of the young woman discovered their names among the many who had registered during the day at the Hayside Inn.

This brings forth a question that has often been in our minds: what is there about the Inn that attracts young folks on their wedding journey? If they do they pick our old house in preference to some newer, more ornate hotel?

September 5 - continued.

Is it because of the history of the old place - its parties, its justly-famed food; or is it simply its lack of pretention, its homey friendly atmosphere which draws them to our doors? Time after time we have guests tell us that they spent their honeymoon night in this or that room; that the day they were married was the rainiest of the year and that they arrived at the Inn in a perfect downpour which drenched guests and horses alike.

Or it may be that grandma is taking the children thru the Inn to show them where she and grandpa came when they were first married.

And so we still have the fantastic (perhaps) notion that the old house smiles benignantly on one and all, and that it has done so these last two centuries; thereby answering our question as to why it is attractive to the wayfarer. The answer?

Hospitality!

Anne Dickerson.
9/5/31.

WAYSIDE INN JOURNAL.

MONDAY SEPT. 7, 1931. PERFECT.

Labor Day this year was as nearly a perfect day as there could possibly be. Before eight o'clock this morning, guests were strolling along the garden walks or going thru the house, accompanied by a hostess. Before the tavern closed for the night, one thousand three hundred and forty-nine people were estimated to have gone through the building. Over two hundred and fifty of this number ate meals, while there were one hundred and eighty-one children and students who came to see us.

The hostess at the Redstone school reported nine hundred and eighteen "scholars" between the hours of one and five in the afternoon; the largest number in any one afternoon for the last three summers. This exceeded by twelve the number who attended during the recent Middlesex County picnic.

It was interesting to note the number of states and countries represented during the day; and the following were taken from our guest book.

States

Connecticut	Pennsylvania	Iowa
Massachusetts	Wisconsin	Ohio
Illinois	Rhode Island	New Jersey

September 7 - continued.

Missouri	New York	California
Maine	Vermont	Washington
South Dakota	Georgia	Montana
Texas	Washington D.C.	Virginia
N. Carolina	New Hampshire	Oregon
	Minnesota	

" "

Countries

Sweden	Canada
Scotland	Canal Zone

" "

Tuesday, September 8, 1931. Perfect.

After yesterday's onslaught of visitors, today seemed very quiet, tho there were groups going thru the house all during the day.

What interested us today, however, was the "educational tang" which the air seemed to carry. Tomorrow our Redstone and Southwest Schools open their doors to the pupils who, whether they will admit it or not, are eager to be back again at the task of learning.

Schedules being made out, programs arranged (and re-arranged!), books unpacked and stacked in readiness for the morrow, — these were some of the signs which definitely pointed to the fact that the winter season is about to begin at the Inn. Dancing classes, music lessons - soon all will be in full swing and another round of activity will under way in the little community of which the Hayside Inn is the focal.

"

Wednesday, September 9, 1931. Warm.

The first day of school! The doors of the little white and red school-houses were flung wide, and to them flocked the 1931-32 classes. An extremely healthy-looking group of youngsters, brown as berries after their nine or ten weeks of vacation, they crowded around the teachers, glad and happy to be back "in harness" once more.

Mrs. Jane D. Bennett, who has been with us during the summer months as hostess at the Inn, takes up her new duties as teacher of the Southwest School. In a dignified and simple manner she spoke to the pupils at the opening of the morning session, sounding as the keynote for the year the fact that teacher and pupils are to be "co-workers." The school had as guests at the opening session: Mr. Hatch, of the Boys School, Miss Hopkins - who has taught many of these children, and Mrs. Poole and Miss Dickerson, teachers at the Southwest School the last season.

Not to be outdone by their older brothers and sisters, the pupils of the Keystone School also held short opening exercises. Miss Allen starts her third year of teaching at the "Mary Lamb" School, and her second as sole in charge. Mr. Bayer visited the lit-

September 9- continued.

the Dutton Road school house as a question this, the opening day.

With the opening of the three schools, we feel indeed that the winter's work has begun and that "Life is real, Life is earnest"!

"Still sits the school-house by the road----"

Thursday, September 10, 1931. Farm.

Indian summer days would seem to be upon us, judging by the haziness of the atmosphere in the early morning. Mornings at the Inn are very lovely. The garden and surrounding shrubs have a freshness and beauty quite different from the dusty, tired appearance they sometimes present in the evening, when, after a warm day, the grounds are empty of visitors and the last car has departed from the parking area opposite the Inn.

There is a certain charm about early morning activities about the place: homely tasks take on an aspect of romance, of adventure, when one thinks of the many, many hands which, in days long past, have performed the same simple duties that we today find necessary. The gardner going from plant to plant, snipping off here, cutting there, trimming hedges and lawns; the man about the grounds sweeping the walks to give them the trim, well-kept appearance so typical of Inn property; waitresses hurrying to the pantry to be ready for early breakfasters, whether they be overnight guests or early visitors stopping for a meal before motoring on; — all these give the effect of old-time activi-

September 10 - continued.

ty and hospitality.

Within the building the bustle continues. The hum of an electric cleaner somewhat disturbs the tranquillity of the place for a time, but this is not for long; soon the chores of the morning are done, the parlor and other rooms are in "apple pie order" and the business of the day goes on.

And so it has been, with only slight changes, since the house was built nearly two and a half centuries ago.

Friday, September 11, 1931. Very warm.

This was a day which made one feel as tho summer had returned in full force to visit us. Even the flies buzzed more lazily than they have been doing for the past two weeks, and seemed less anxious to gain entrance to the Inn. A drowsy bumble-bee with a dull, sleepy hum flew about the front porch, finally darting off toward the old fashioned garden, where the gaudy blooms of late summer and early autumn beckoned irresistably.

Warm tho the day was, the dancing class, made up of the pupils of the Southwest School, assembled at two in the large ball-room, where for two hours they danced about, seemingly oblivious of the heat. A larger class than that of last year, it offers more in the way of possibilities for the season's work. The pupils, most of them, either were in the class last year or were in the Redstone groups; a fact which should make the work more interesting and easy for teacher and pupils alike!

"If enthusiasm counts for anything, there should be a great deal accomplished during the season which is just

September 11- continued.

beginning. Mrs. Poole, who last year was the teacher at the Southwest school, is in charge of these dancing classes, held on Friday afternoons at the Inn.

"

Saturday, September 12, 1931. Very fine.

We wonder just which one of the many points of interest on the Hayside Inn property attracts the casual visitor most strongly. He means, of course, aside from the Innitself. That is, and ever will remain, the keystone of the entire project; the mainspring of all the activities and the hub ~~of~~ about which everything else revolves.

Perhaps the guest is inclined to fancy the little "Mary Lamb" School, with its traditions and sentiment. Or he may be a farmer — with a secret desire to own some Devon cattle, such as he sees grazing contentedly in the fields nearby, the rich brown of their coats shining in the September sunshine like rich, lustrous satin.

REDSTONE SCHOOL - 1930.

September 12 - continued.

DEVONS

CUT-FLOWER GARDEN IN SEPTEMBER.

The market garden; the cut flower garden; the wall-enclosed old fashioned garden — all these invite the visitor to tarry a little while; to stop and enjoy to the utmost the beauties of the place.

The grist-mill; the Boys School - particularly the Solomon Dutton dormitory; the country store; the labora-

September 12- concluded.

tory with its interesting array of tools and machines; the dairy-barns and the prize-winning stock; the ideally located orchards on the side of Bobcat Mountain; the reservoir— just to mention some of the projects which come under the wing of the old Wayside Inn. Is it, therefore, any wonder that we guard and care for the ancient hostelry as jealously and tenderly as a mother does her only child?

9/12/31.
Anne Dickerson.

WAYSIDE INN JOURNAL.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1931. VERY WARM.

Secure in the belief that the heat of the last week had left us, we were anticipating a typical September day with just a tinge of autumnal sharpness in the air. The early morning strengthened our belief that the day would be cool, but by noon we noticed several of the whale guests of the Inn surreptitiously removing coats and mopping brows which were beginning to feel the effects of old Sol's rays. To put the statement quite accurately and frankly, it was hot!

We had the pleasure and privilege of going to the Boys School for several classes of English and music. We were much impressed with the general attitude of business-like application — these boys have a job before them, a man's size job, and they are going to do it as it ought to be done. This is as it should be, and it speaks well for those in charge that this spirit has been implanted in the minds of the boys; for without it all efforts of the instructors would lose in value and the results achieved be considerably lessened. Regardless of the mental ability of the student, unless he is impressed with the importance and necessity of regarding

September 14 - continued.

study as a "job," he is not a really efficient worker and is not giving the best of which he is capable.

We are of the opinion that these boys have opportunities vastly greater than those ordinarily offered to students elsewhere; and we believe we are right when we say that they appreciate this fact, generally speaking. Yes, we have the chronic grumbler, the laggard, the fellow-not-as-bright-as-he-should-be; but these are to be found in every class room and are in the minority.

It is the duty of the instructors, however, to bring such cases up to the level of the average student. The success of modern education lies in the raised standard - no longer do we have the exceptionally bright student overshadowing all the others, but his slower brother, by the individual help and attention he receives, is able to hold his own with these naturally more quick and receptive.

Tuesday, September 15, 1931. Warm; showers.

Each year at just about this same time in the month of September, the thermometer soars to heights which recall the hottest days of mid-summer, and cause the unthinking to remark that such weather is "so unseasonable; so unexpected", etc., etc. But on referring to records of past years, we find that there have been many days similar to these which we have been experiencing during the past week.

SEPTEMBER 13, 1931.

That the outside world knows about and is interested in the Hay-side Inn is made evident by the picture on this page, clipped from one of the Boston Sunday newspapers and brought in by one of the hostesses. Too commonly seen by those of us who work at the Inn, such a scene

September 15, 1931- continued.

as the one depicted is much in the nature of a novelty to the ordinary twentieth century visitor to our acres?

Therein lies another secret of the charm of the Inn: much that is, in reality, but a revival of the old customs is, to the average guest, new - and therefore of the utmost interest.

"

Wednesday, September 16, 1931. Cool.

No one could deny that this was an ideal September day. Cool, with a hint of frost, sunny and sparkling, - it made one glad to be alive.

Guy Lombardi, conductor of an orchestra which plays at a popular resort nearby, - came to the Inn for dinner. He and his "Royal Canadians" - fifteen in all - seemed to enjoy the place and wandered about from room to room, much interested in all they saw.

To our door came a Miss Sarah W. Mudge, of Center street, Danvers, (Mass.), who, to us, seemed almost like one of those who were supposed to have told the tales; for she had heard Ole Bull play, was a friend of Thomas W. Parsons, the poet, and knew Dr. Parson's daughter (who married Luigi Monti, the "Young Sicilian") well. This interesting guest told of incidents in the life of Dr. Parsons - how he was in the habit of merely throwing his coat about his shoulders as he hurried across Beacon street, in Boston, to be on time for the meals which he ate at the Bellevue; - then, as now, noted for its good food; of his writing, and various other little news items of the scholar.

September 16- continued.

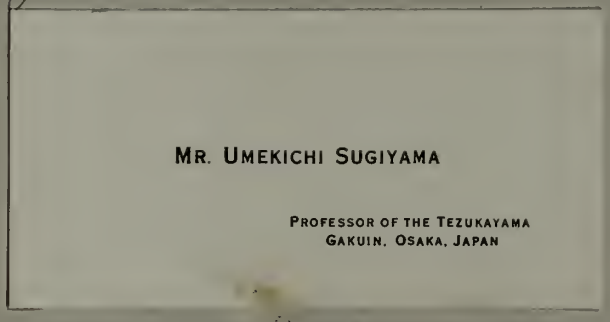
With a paisley shawl about her and a look of deepest interest in her eyes, this elderly lady repeatedly told us how happy she was to be at the old Inn, scene of so many jolly times and happy hours.

Eight members of the Women's Relief Corps, No. 85, of Needham, (Mass.) had luncheon with us one day this week.

Mention must be made of the "Rythmic Band" of the Redstone School children. The first lesson of the season was given today to an exceptionally well-behaved and attentive class. When an instructor, called from class and necessarily detained for over five minutes, comes back into the room to find fifteen little tots all sitting quietly and contentedly, we think it a good omen. And when one considers the fact that four of these children never were in school until a few days ago, such an event as the perfect silence which greeted us is still more worthy of mention.

Thursday, September 17- Rain; cool.

Boston's mayor, the Hon. James M. Curley, seems to have a friendly feeling toward the Hayside Inn. This is manifested by the fact that he frequently sends visiting guests of the city to our tavern; many of them men and women who have never been in this country before. Today we had as guests Professor and Mrs. Sugiyama of Japan, who came to this country to study conditions here. Professor Sugiyama teaches history, geography and gymnastics in College at Osaka.



A unique feature of Mr. Sugiyama's visit to America is the fact that he is combining sentiment and business; for he and his little wife are here on their honeymoon! What better place for the mayor to send them than here - to the old Inn which has witnessed so many weddings and honeymoon-ers!

Friday, September 18, 1931. Perfect.

Tonight at five-thirty the new series of assemblies was ushered in at the Solomon Dutton dormitory. We have always held the belief that the Solomon Dutton House is in an ideal spot, situated as it is atop a hill which commands a fine view of the surrounding countryside.

The boys of the Hayside Inn Boys School and their guests assembled shortly before half-past five in the spacious new dining room, where round tables covered with snowy linen and shining silver held tempting, colorful salads. Grace was said by one of the Inn members, another served as mistress of ceremonies, and still another furnished music as the guests ate.

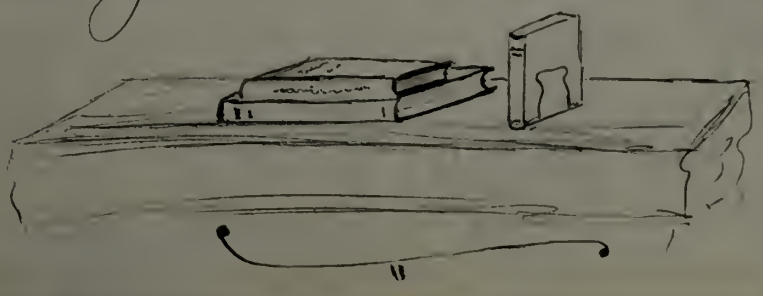
A most interesting talk on "Books" was given by Mr. Cahill, of the Hayside Market. We were taken on a journey thru the realm of literature that covered every field from humor and comick to biography, history, and science. We mention Mr. Cahill's talk, particularly because of the intense interest with which the boys, from the oldest of the seniors down to the newest of the newcomers, listened to him. When mention was

September 18 - continued.

made of a book a fellow had read, there was a noticeable straightening of his back, his head went up, and his look plainly said that he was "in the know," that he, too, had journeyed into book-land.

We truly think that Mr. Cahill, who, by the way, did not make the mistake of talking down to the boys, made an impression which will manifest itself in the fact that we shall see worthwhile books turned face downward on study tables, or lying, markers in place, on shelf or desk. All boys enjoy reading, and it is our duty to see that our boys have opportunity to further that enjoyment.

At eight o'clock, the sixteen boys forming the senior dancing class met in the ball-room, where sixteen young ladies were likewise impatient to start the 1931-32 dancing season. With this class well on its way, it would seem, indeed, as tho not only the academic, but also the social season of the Wayside Inn had been started in good earnest.



Saturday, September 19, 1931. Case.

New Britain (Connecticut) Normal School girls to the number of twenty, came to the Inn this morning and we were again pleased by the manner in which these students listened to the story of the Red Horse Tavern.

Came to our Inn the director of one of the large settlement houses in Boston. Naturally, he was much interested in the work being done in the Boys School, but with every question he asked concerning the school, was coupled one about the Inn itself. Himself not particularly interested in antiques, he was nevertheless much interested in the fact that the Grayside Inn is still being used for the purpose for which it was intended - that of a place of rest and refreshment for travelers.

This was a typical autumn Saturday - cool, crisp, - with fires in the fireplaces and sunshine streaming thru the windows. A steady stream of visitors going thru the building gave ample proof that the "Old Red Horse on the Boston Post Road" is still a popular place for those going east or west.

Anne Dickerson.
9/19/31.

WAYSIDE INN JOURNAL.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1931 — DRIZZLING; COLD.

Again Boston's Chief Executive, Mayor James M. Curley, sent us a guest in the person of Mayor Laughlin, of Niagara Falls, New York; and, as usual, the visitor was charmed with the atmosphere of the old Inn.

On a day like this, one begins to think of winter clothing; of Mc Intosh apples about the Inn; of "old kitchen dinners" and guests arriving early in order to watch the juicy roast as it sizzles before the open fire while being cooked in the 'tin kitchen'. The smell of a wood fire awakens feelings of hunger in the average person, and we have known several guests to come into the bar-room, pay the admission fee and say, as they looked about, "Ah, smell that wood fire! Doesn't it make you hungry? Do let's eat here!" This despite the fact that the hostess at the bar had already suggested lunch and they had refused!

Again we say that the atmosphere of the old Inn "gets" one; and we are looking forward to a winter of cozy, old New England rest and enjoyment, work and play.

"

Tuesday, September 22, 1931. Very warm.

Contrasted with yesterday, today seemed like a trip to a tropical clime after a sojourn in a more cold location. Where yesterday guests came to the bar-room and remarked on the cheeriness of the fire and spoke of how pleasantly warm it made them feel, today our visitors said it was a relief to get indoors, out of the hot sun!

Pages might be written about weather, and volumes about the weather of New England! Hastened from midsummer heat to autumn frost—all in the space of less than twelve hours—the fair sex, at least, are at a loss as to how to dress for the day. Is it to be the new Fall ensemble—topped by the inevitable "Empress Eugenie" hat—or shall we clean our white shoes once more and wear the flowered chiffon which has given such good service all summer? Let mere man scoff, if he will, such questions as these present serious difficulties to the feminine mind and cannot be answered except by serious thought and deliberation.

Wednesday, September 23, 1931. Mild.

To the Inn to-day came a Mr. William Alexander, of Hayne, Pennsylvania, a descendant of the early Haw family of "Red Horse Tavern" fame. So interested was Mr. Alexander in telling us of his connection with the Inn, that he proved his relationship by proudly pointing to his ancestors' names in the Haw Genealogy in the Longfellow parlor!

For many years, Mr. Alexander was City editor of the Boston Transcript, a position of responsibility which he filled ably and well.

At one time, he and his brother had sent to them from Florida a crate of oranges, a large basket of which they took to the Poet Longfellow at his home in Cambridge. The genial man of letters was most happy to receive the gift and proved to be a cheerful, kindly host; so much so that this visit has since been remembered by both Mr. Alexander and his brother as one of the most enjoyable ones of their experience.

Between forty and forty-five ladies, all members of

September 23- continued.

the Scituate Relief Corps, visited the Inn, thirty-one having luncheon with us and the rest eating, picnic-fashion, in the grove near the Inn.

Nine different societies were represented by the fifty-eight ladies from the National Metal Congress who visited the Inn this afternoon.

On these perfect early autumn days we wish that all could enjoy our tavern, our fellowships, our scenery along with us. Everything is so beautiful now that it sends a stab of happiness thru us that is so sharp and keen as to be painful. We often wonder whether those who loved the old Inn before we were born could possibly have been more fond of it than we of the twentieth century are to-day. We think not.

"

Thursday, September 24, 1931. Perfect.

We were amused to-day when we took a tea order for a Mrs. Tyler, who, she said, was a relative of Mary Sawyer Tyler. Scarcely had she volunteered this bit of information when her companion offered this comment: "Yes; and my name's Howe, and I'm a direct descendant of the Howe family which built this house, and I can prove it!" Of course we hastened to tell her that proof was unnecessary and that we felt certain that she was proud of her connection with the historic family.

Twelve in all, some of them colored, came in a group from the Mauetion Club of the West Newton Community Center (West Newton, Mass.)

A Mr. H. H. Leman, of Norwich, New York, gave us his card and informed us that his family has the same family crest as that of Mr. Edward Lemon, as shown on our silver in the old dining room where the large tray is displayed.

We relate these bits to show the interest people feel in the old house. They are always proud of any connection that may claim with it and are anxious that we be informed of the full particulars of such connections.

Friday, September 25, 1931. Very fine.

Noon-time today saw the passing of one of the Wayside Inn customs of the past three years: that of the boys from the Wayside Inn Boys' School eating at the Inn. Their last "Inn meal" was served to them at dinner-time. From now on they will eat at the "Dutton Lodge," in the recently finished and tastefully decorated dining room.

We shall miss these hearty youngsters - miss their chatter and fun at meal-time, and their friendly, cheery greetings as they hurry thru the hall on their way to the dining room. On pay days there was always a general request made at the bar for stamps or for "change for a five-dollar bill", as the boys proudly displayed the earnings of the past two weeks. And with an air of nonchalance casually folded bills and placed them in wallets of varying types and colors.

All this is now to be changed; where at noon the Inn saw an influx of hungry boys, it will now settle back to its quiet, peaceful calm of nearly two and a half centuries, and only the low murmur of guests in the dining room will be heard. We think the change is a wise one, for many reasons.

Saturday, September 26, 1931. Diary.

The art of photography has claimed the interest and attention of two of the boys of the Boys School, and every spare moment finds them in a dark room in the basement of the Calvin Shaw House, hard at work with chemicals and photographic lights. It was by special invitation that we descended to the "developing room", and watched as the film went thru various stages from its removal from the camera to its appearance in the form of negatives from which the finished pictures are made.

A small room, shut off from the rest of the basement by beaver-board partitions, held an interesting array of pans, chemicals, films, paper, envelopes labeled with various distinguishing marks, and the other paraphernalia necessary in picture making. A bundle of negatives in a corner of the work-bench showed that pictures are being taken by the boys and that "home-talent" is responsible for the developing and printing.

Not to be ignored is the fact that "Hahn and Helms" will finish pictures cheaper (and of course in time, better) than the standard photographers' prices.

Anne Dickerson.
9/26/31.

WAYSIDE INN JOURNAL.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1931. COLD; GRAY.

With the setting back of the clocks one hour — to "normal" or "sun" - time, — the autumn season seems to have come upon us, bringing with it the mists and haziness associated with that time of year. Where five o'clock has seen the sun brightly shining, our evenings will now begin to lengthen and the twinkle of many headlights will tell of the departure of many of the "Inn family" to their homes.

Do we regret the coming of winter? Hardly; rather do we welcome it as the season of activity, of accomplishment, of growth in the knowledge of things and events pertaining to the old Inn. Now is the time to "dig out" the historical files, to delve into the books on antiques, to muse before the fire, and assemble our facts before "putting pen to paper." And so our hours are filled — each one with some pleasant task, and the days go by all too quickly.

"Cafeteria service" is in effect at Dutton Lodge these days. Shining new trays, bright blue dishes and gleaming silver on the round tables in the

September 28 - continued.

spacious dining room make a most pleasing picture. And when the "bread line" forms at 12:30, the added touch of vivacity and exuberance is added! The boys enjoy the freedom of the place, and yet we wager that those who have become accustomed to eating at the Inn will miss the contact with the old place, tho they might be unable to put the feeling into words.

Tuesday, September 29, 1931. Crisp; cold.

A "pocket-edition" of our bar-room pipe-tongs was shown us by an enthusiastic guest this afternoon. Proudly he displayed the different parts, and tho his tool had no tongs for taking a coal from the fire, it made up for this lack by having a cigar-cutter, which, of course, is missing from our tongs. These tongs are the objects of much interest on the part of our male guests, particularly in the winter time when many (and laborious!) are the demonstrations as to the proper uses to be made of these fireside implements.

A Hindu priestess, Gayatri Devi, from Bengal, India, made a visit to the Inn! She is not the first of her kind, however, to visit us, for we have had several students from India as guests, and they have always proved most interesting and interest-ed.

An English actor, playing in a current "hit" at one of the Boston theatres, was most pleased with the hospitality and charm of the Inn, and expressed a desire to return. His attitude was indicative of the feelings of the great majority of our guests, but we always experience the same thrill of delight when a

September 29- continued.

visitor, upon departing, makes known to me the fact that he has enjoyed our Inn.

Wednesday, September 30, 1931. Perfect.

Theatrical people like the Wayside Inn. Often they come, and we have numbered among our guests many who have become famous in the world behind the footlights. Jane Cowl and Maurice Muscovitch, just to mention two, are names which mean much to the student and the lover of the drama.

The Stratford-on-Avon Jubilee Players, dating back to Irving, on a visit to this country from England, came, twenty-five or more of them, to the Inn today and had dinner. Their tour of the building, taken after they had eaten, was punctuated by many "oh's!" and "ah's!" as well as comments on the homelike atmosphere of the place.

One man in particular remarked upon the sweetness of the cider and asked if there were some special, secret process by which it was made, or is the recipe were one which differ-

September 30, continued.

ed from those in general use. Tho we have not as yet transmitted his remark to Mr. Sunbury, our "cider-man," we wager 'twill be the cause of a swelling of his diaphragm when he hears of it!

These troupers from over the ocean arrived in Boston on Monday and are to be at one of the Boston theatres for two weeks, beginning next week. They then intend to tour the country, leaving for England in March and opening next Fall in the new theatre in Stratford-on-Avon. This theatre replaces the old one, recently destroyed by fire.

Not new to this country, for this is their third appearance here, these friendly folk literally "drank in" everything of interest about the place, and seemed reluctant to leave. The "livable-ness" of the tavern appealed to them, and several expressed the wish that they might stay overnight sometime, as one of the hostesses dilated upon the beauties of the Inn in a New England snow-storm. It was genuine, unfeigned interest on the part of these visitors, and when one reflects upon the countless buildings in old England which antedate ours by many years, we think our

September 30- concluded.

guests were most kind to be interested in our two-hundred and forty-five year old house.

The especially-chartered bus bore them away at dusk- a smiling, jolly group which took with it the good wishes of the entire Inn "family."

TREMONT NEXT MONDAY
2 Weeks Only
STRATFORD-UPON-AVON Festival Company

FIRST WEEK—Mon.—"Merry Wives of Windsor"; Tues.—"King Lear"; Wed. Mat.—"A Winter's Tale"; Wed. Eve.—"Taming of the Shrew"; Thurs.—"Measure for Measure"; Fri.—"As You Like It"; Sat. Mat.—"King Henry IV" (Part 1); Sat. Eve.—"Midsummer Night's Dream."
SEATS NOW. Eves. 50c to $3. Mats. $2